

*Songs
of
Gladness
and
Growth*

J. L. Hughes

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*Songs
of
Gladness
and Growth*

*By
James L. Hughes*

*"Yet since we are not grand,
O ! not at all ; and as for cleverness,
That may be or may not be—it is well
For us to be as happy as we can."*

—JEAN INGELOW.

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WILLIAM BRIGGS
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SONGS OF GLADNESS AND GROWTH.

BE GLAD.

*Are you not sad for sorrows past?
No! I am glad they did not last.*

*Do you not hate the false you knew?
No! I love more the good and true.*

*Do you not mourn for work undone?
No! I rejoice for triumphs won.*

*Have not Life's struggles wearied you?
No! they revealed new work to do.*

*Do you not fear the long dark night?
No! I await the coming light.*

*Surely some dread the future mars:—
No! Hope and Faith can see the stars.*

I THANK THEE.

I THANK Thee for the power to keep alive
 Fresh memories of beauty and of joy,
And weave into the fabric of my life
 The dreams that thrilled me when a happy boy.

I thank Thee for the magic touch of those
 Who kindled self-hood to a brighter glow,
Who opened windows that great truths might
 shine
 Into my soul, and start my best to grow.

I thank Thee for the epoch days of life:—
 When love's sweet ecstasy brought Heaven
 near,
When vital faith in self and right grew strong,
 When vision widened and made duty clear.

I thank Thee for achieving tendency,
 To think, to plan, but best of all, to do
The things I plan, that each new plan achieved
 May be an upward step to clearer view.

I thank Thee for the buoyant wings of hope,
 And for the power of conscious growth towards
 Thee,
For all the progress that mankind has made,
 And for the greater progress yet to be.

IDEALS.

A PURLING brook,
 A hawthorn tree,
A kindling book :—
 An hour with thee.

A mountain high,
 A rolling sea,
A cloudless sky :—
 A day with thee.

A woodland way,
 A bird, a bee,
A blooming May :—
 A month with thee.

A dream of joy,
 A hope to be,
A happy boy :—
 A year with thee.

A lover true,
 A spirit free,
A vision new :—
 A life with thee.

TESTS OF COMRADESHIP.

Love ye the children at play?
Love ye the stars and the moon?
Love ye the flowers in May?
Love ye the woodland in June?

Love ye the hawthorn in bloom?
Love ye the tall hemlock tree?
Love ye the clover's perfume?
Love ye the rock-bordered sea?

Love ye the path by the stream?
Love ye the ferns in the glen?
Love ye in twilight to dream
Childhood's days over again?

Love ye the morn's rosy light?
Love ye the eve's afterglow?
Love ye the birdsong at night?
Love ye the river's swift flow?

Love ye the mountains so high?
Love ye the wind in the pine?
Love ye the clouds on the sky?
Comrade are ye then of mine.

KEEP ye the strong heart of youth?

Dare ye to do noble deeds?

See ye your vision of truth?

Go ye wherever it leads?

Drop ye the burdens of woe?

Bear ye life's joys in your breast?

Wave ye hope's flag as ye go?

Climb ye each day towards the crest?

Strive ye to conquer all fear?

Help ye your brother who needs?

Give ye faith's hand-clasp to cheer?

Heal ye the sad heart that bleeds?

Work ye to bring in the light?

Look ye new beauty to see?

Fight ye for freedom and right?

Hope ye the victor to be?

Grow ye as life passes by?

Trust ye the Father Divine?

See ye new stars in your sky?

Comrade are ye then of mine.

SKIES.

AWAY in the east in the early dawn

I see the gray mists, as the sun shines through,
But soon from the valley the mists have gone,

And all the wide sky is an arch of blue;
Till over the blue in the golden noon

I watch the cloud fairies go floating by,
And dream, as I lie on the hill in June;—

The sky of the past is a radiant sky.

The sky of the present is often gray,

And sometimes is darkened by rolling cloud,
When shadows of sorrow obscure my way,

And terror is roused by the thunder loud;
But darkness soon passes, and skies grow clear,

And life with new glory is kindled then;
And rainbows of hope on the mountains cheer

My heart as I start for the crest again.

My sky of the future is ever bright

With faith in the growth of the coming years,
When vision achieved for the true and right

Shall moisten my eyes with exultant tears:—
And ever the brightest my life can know

I feel in my heart, as the sun goes down,
And through the tall hemlocks the afterglow
Shines yellow, and purple, and red, and brown.

THE NEW EARTH AND HEAVEN.

SPORES on the fern frond's back,
Dust specks you seem to be,
Till through a microscope
Clusters of pearls I see.

Stars of the winter night,
Mere spots of feeble glow,
Millions of miles away,
You are great suns, I know.

Perfect are all Thy works,
Maker of earth and sky,
When I can see aright
With comprehending eye.

New earth and heaven may mean
Simply a change in me.
Glory exists; I need
Power to truly see.

PROGRESS.

Suggested by the painting, "Progress," by Mr. G. F. Watts.

UP where the glow of the light divine,
Ever continues to brightly shine,
Bearing aloft his triumphal bow
Progress rides onward o'er men below.

Down on the earth are the men whose eyes
Never are turned towards the shining skies ;
Those who are blind to the radiant glow
God reveals ever, that men may grow.

Indolence lies on the ground, and makes
Never an effort to rise, but takes
Selfish enjoyment of sense alone ;
Vision and wisdom alike unknown.

One with a heart that is hard and cold,
Rakes with his fingers in muck for gold ;
Wealth has supplanted the dreams of youth,
Friendship, and hope, and the love of truth.

One reads a book in dim candle light,
Falsely believing knowledge is might;
Searching the past with a weary eye,
Missing the glow of the golden sky.

One sees the light, and is born anew;
Gets a clear vision of work to do;
Rises to start on his upward climb
Knowing that life should be made sublime.

Sluggard, and miser, and student, too,
Lose the rich glory of higher view.
Vision is greater than knowledge or gold.
See! And your vision for men unfold.

LIFE.

LIFE is power to see new beauty
In the common things,
In the ever-changing pictures
That each season brings.

Life is power to hear the music
Of the waving trees,
And to understand the message
Borne upon the breeze.

Life is power to feel the glory
Of the dawning sun,
And of sky's supernal painting,
When the day is done.

Life is power to smile, when sorrow
Comes our joy to blight;
Hopeful for a happy morrow
With a cheering light.

Life is power to stand serenely
In the fiercest blast,
Waiting with undaunted courage
Till the storm is past.

Life is power to climb securely
Up the mountain side
With our vision ever clearer,
And our view more wide.

Life is power to help my brother
With his hand in mine,
As we struggle onward, upward
Towards the light Divine.

Life is power to love supremely
Till my soul is free,
And the universe responsive
Whispers love to me.

I CANNOT LOSE.

I CANNOT lose the rapture
The bird song brought to me,
With its enchanting sweetness
And note of mystery.

I cannot lose the music,
When winds through the tall pine
Brought the heart song of Nature
And poured it into mine.

I cannot lose the glory
Of waking life at dawn,
Nor the transcendent beauty
Of sky when day is gone.

I cannot lose the grandeur
That thrilled me with delight,
When first I saw the mountains
Rise in majestic height.

I cannot lose the splendor
 Of moonlight on the sea,
Turning to gold the wave crests,
 As on they rolled to me.

I cannot lose the message
 Of that great vital hour
That kindled in the gloaming
 New faith, new hope, new power.

MY HEMLOCKS.

RUGGED you stood near the crown of the hill;

Long in your shadows I sat by the stream
Reverently, till I felt a new thrill

Sweep through my heart, and awoke from my
dream.

"Hemlocks, I love you," I said. I still hear

Winds singing softly your answer to me;
Down through your branches your loye-song
comes clear,
Promising ever my lover to be.

In my great temple of mystical joy

You were the pillars, and under your arms
Life revelations were brought to the boy,
Rich in rare beauty and hallowing charms.

I did not know I was worshipping there;

I was not conscious of power Divine;
I sang no anthems; I uttered no prayer;
But a new spirit gave vision to mine.

In your wide aisles I first felt the warm glow
Of my deep heart love responding through you
To the true heart throb of Nature; and lo!
All the wide universe more vital grew.

Sacred your temple forever will be;
Thrilled by your love spell my heart kindles
yet;
Memory brings back your magic to me;
Hemlocks, I love you! I'll never forget.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS WITH YOU.

You stand beside me on the mountain crest;
The ice peaks yonder catch the radiant glow
Of sunset beauty in the golden west,
And paint it on the limpid lake below.
I dream that you are here to share my view;
I am above the clouds, dear friend, with you.

Sit here with me and watch the distant heights
Blush pink and purple, as the sun goes down,
While far below a thousand gleaming lights
Reveal the outline of the busy town.
Come live the happy days of youth anew,
Till hope grows strong above the clouds with you.

And when in vaulted sky the bright stars shine,
Visions will come of grander heights to climb;
Into our lives will shine a light Divine
Revealing service to make life sublime,
For on the mountain top all life seems true
Above the clouds, dear friend, with God and you.

IN LUCERNE.

"Shut up with God among His mountains."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

THIS is our universe, Life Supreme!

Mountain, and river, and lake, and glen
Form the whole earth, as I sit with Thee
Here in the valley—a child again.

We are alone in our universe;
Open my heart is to-day to Thee;
Fill it with glory and majesty,
Teach the true meaning of life to me.

Great are Thy mountains, but as Thy child,
I am still greater. Thy power is mine,
If I believe that true life must be
Growth, conscious growth, towards the life
divine.

Grateful am I for this vision clear,
Vision of duty and faith sublime:—
Trusting up to life's mountain top
Hand in Thy hand, I shall ever climb.

HARMONY.

LIST to the sweetest strains
 Of bird songs in the spring,
Telling the hills and plains,
 How good is everything.
And learn what I would tell,
Could I but sing as well.

Watch Nature's wondrous powers
 Of life and growth in May
Make fields, and trees, and flowers
 More beautiful each day;
And learn the truth, that so
We may forever grow.

We see in silent awe
 The stars, the moon, the sun,
In harmony with law,
 Their courses truly run;—
Law-guided, life should be
In perfect harmony.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

I GAVE her fresh violets long ago,
As blue as the sky above,
And to them I tied with a ribbon bow
A boy's simple note of love.
“These violets bring you my heart,” it said;
She read it and blushed till her cheeks grew red.

But I went away, and long years flew past
Before I returned, and then
The call of my home-land grew strong at last
To see my old friends again.
The church door was open. I went inside,
And learned that my violet girl had died.

I found in her Bible the dry, pressed flowers,
There, too, was the note signed “Jim”;
And as I remembered youth's love-lit hours,
My eye with a mist grew dim.
I knew that the love she had never told,
Had lived through the years, and had not grown
cold.

THE LITTLE GRAVEYARD.

THE little grass-grown graveyard crowned
 The maple-shaded hill,
Beside the winding country road,
 Beyond the old red mill—
I entered through the open gate
 With reverential thrill.

I rambled through the quiet paths
 And on the stones I read
In tender, loving, hopeful words
 The records of the dead;
Rejoiced to find a restful place,
 Where good alone was said.

I knelt beside a little stone,
 I pushed the grass away,
And read her name, her age at death,
 The year, the month, the day.
“She was so pleasant”—that was all
 Her record had to say.

THEIR LOVERS.

THEY sat by the sea on a still June night,
And dreamed of the past in the soft moonlight;
Two women of seventy years or more
Sat dreaming of life on Virginia's shore.

Though strangers, the spell of the mystic hour
Soon mellowed their hearts by its magic power;
The gates of their lives opened wide, and then
Their joys and their sorrows came forth again.

One told of her lover who went away
With Lee to the war on her wedding day;
And how she hoped on through the tragic years,
Till bravely he died, and left only tears.

The other smiled shyly, and coyly said,
“I think that my lover, like yours, is dead;
The lover I dreamed of but never knew,
He must have been killed in the great war, too.”

THE SWEETEST BIRTHDAY.

LET us take a ride on the long swamp road;
It is forty years to-night
Since we drove there first from the old brown
church
In the moon's enchanting light.

The tall cedars held out their loving arms
In a dress of fleecy snow,
And the hemlocks grand from the hill looked
down
On the wondrous world below.

Our young hearts were tuned to the universe,
And the earth grew strangely new,
As my whole life glowed with the thought
sublime,
That the universe was you.

And I knew then first what the preacher meant
By the soul's rich overflow;
When the strong, clear light of youth's sacred fire
In my heart began to glow.

And I stopped the horse 'neath the cedar's arms,
Till a few great words we said;
And the rhythmic glory of love beat time
With the wind-song overhead.

I can see the stars as they twinkled through
The old trees above us then;
And I hear the hemlocks in anthems sweet
Rejoice, as they sang "Amen."

So I long to go to the old swamp road
For another ride to-night;
For the sweetest birthday of human power
Is when love first shines its light.

THE CEDAR SPRAY.

I WALKED in the woods on the heights by the sea
One day in October. The lady with me
Was winsome and charming, discreet and serene,
With bearing majestic and look of a queen.

The beautiful tints on the trees filled her soul,
She spoke with delight of the sea's graceful roll;
I knew that I loved her, and longed to declare
My love, but I could not; my heart would not
dare.

I gave her a spray from a young cedar tree,
And I told her I hoped that it ever would be
A symbol of friendship between her and me.
She graciously thanked me—and looked at the
sea.

She seemed to belong to a sphere far above;
I felt it was useless to hope for her love;
But I knew that to love her would bless me,
 though she
From love and its magic would ever be free.

We sat on a rock till the afterglow came,
And turned the blue sea to a glorified flame;
Then homeward we walked, till she said in dis-
may:
“I’ve lost it! I’ve lost it, my beautiful spray.”

Her words and her manner, her face and her tone
Revealed that her heart beat in tune with my
own.

We found it. She kissed it. Her gladness I
shared;
I knew her sweet secret, and joyfully dared.

REVISITING.

THE house was yonder, the old mill there,
The arbor here by the singing stream,
Wild vines around it, and flowers fair;
I see them yet, as I sit and dream.

'Twas here I sat as the sun sank low,
That eve with Jean, when the sacred joy
Of love first came in the afterglow
To wake the heart of a happy boy.

Oh ! fair-haired Jean, with your kind blue eye !
Your soft, low voice as it whispered "Yes,"
Brought message new from the earth and sky,
That evermore will have power to bless.

Long years have passed since that epoch hour ;
The house is gone and the old red mill ;
But love shines on with enriching power
To stir my life with its first sweet thrill.

WHY DO YOU SING?

BOBOLINK, why do you sing so well,
 Flying so high?
I have a story of love to tell
 To earth and sky;
Life is so beautiful now in Spring,
What can I do but be glad and sing?

Beauty of flowers and blooming trees,
 Sunshine so bright,
Perfume of clover on balmy breeze,
 Make my heart light.
Joy bells of glory and gladness ring
Deep in my heart, so I have to sing.

Tenderly watching my loving mate
 Down on her nest;
Cheering her while she must sit and wait
 Till we are blest;
Soaring above her on hopeful wing,
What can I do but be glad and sing?

"POOR LITTLE STONE."

THE loyal blacksmith's blood was stirred
To see the foe at Lundy's Lane;—
He hastened to the battle field,
But bade his boy at home remain;
Yet when amid the battle's strife
His blue eyed son stood by his side,
And said: "I've come to fight with you,"
His patriot heart was filled with pride.

" You have your mother's heart," he said,
" She'd bless you, could she see you here:—" " "
Love for a moment waked the past,
But duty dried the starting tear;
For louder grew the din of war,
Fiercer the foemen's bold attack,
And stronger still the stern resolve
Of British hearts to drive them back.

The father and his noble lad
Throughout the day fought side by side,
Till in the twilight hour the boy
Fell in his father's arms and died.
Then when the battle storm had passed,
And victory was surely won,
The father dug himself the grave
In which to lay his gallant son.

And on the field he found and cut
With his own hand this humble stone;
And well it marks the sacred spot,
For stone and hero were his own.
Call it not "poor"! No quarried shaft
Of rarest marble ever gave
A sweeter message to the world
Above a sleeping hero's grave.

These rudely-chiselled letters show
No trace of sculptor's studied art;
But each word truly represents
The sorrow of a father's heart.
Yea, more! They tell of tenderness,
And loving pride, because his son,
Fearless and loyal, bravely fought,
And shared with him the triumph won.

“I AM LARGER THAN I THOUGHT.”

—Walt Whitman.

LIFE uplifting revelation!

Greatest lesson ever taught!

Hopeful, kindling inspiration!

“I am larger than I thought.”

“Thou art mindful of me!” Surely

That should keep my life aglow

With the faith that leads securely,

As I onward, upward go.

Why should I be weak or fearful?

In Thine image I was made;

I will work in sunshine, cheerful,

As Thy partner, undismayed.

Trusting in Thy power, in meekness

I will songs triumphant sing,

Conscious of my strength—not weakness,

For I represent the King.

I shall grow forever nearer

To the Father Heart Divine;

With life vision ever clearer,

For the universe is mine.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

I SAW in autumn twilight
A shooting star
Flash its celestial message
From realms afar.

Message of meditation
And reverie;
Message of soul awaking
To mystery.

Message of mystic wonder,
And fear, and awe;
Message of revelation
Of power, and law.

Message of recognition
Of vast design;
Message of adoration
For the Divine.

THE BOY'S STORY.

"The boy's story is the best that was ever told."—*Mrs. Lirriper; Dickens.*

WONDERFUL story is yours, dear boy,
The best that was ever told;
Story of peace and of endless joy,
And life that does not grow old;

Story of loved ones who never die,
And justice that never ends;
Story of men with a purpose high;
Story of faithful friends;

Story of lands where all days are bright,
Where no one is ever poor;
Story of men who for truth and right
Stand fast with devotion pure.

Life may not be what in youth it seems,
Dreams may not all come true;
But 'twill be sweeter because your dreams
Will still be a part of you.

Beautiful visions of boyhood days
Deep down in your heart live on,
Clearing your sky so that Hope's bright rays
May shine as in youth they shone

“ IT IS GOOD TO BE A CHILD AGAIN.”

—*Dickens.*

To be a child again is good,
To walk with father in the wood,
And hear him tell in simple words
Of trees, and ferns, and flowers, and birds ;
Or hear my mother’s voice, as she
Told fairy tales, or sang to me,
Or see her face with love a-light
Beside my little bed at night.

’Tis good to be a child again,
And ramble in my shady glen,
Or paddle in my crystal stream,
Or sit upon its bank and dream,
Or watch the squirrels leaping free
From branch to branch, from tree to tree,
Or listen to the thrush’s tune,
Or bobolink’s love song in June.

’Tis good again a child to be,
A waking, kindling child, to see
New beauty ev’ry passing hour
In changing cloud or growing flower ;
New glory on the earth and sky ;
New wonders ever asking “ Why ? ”
New outlook with a clearer view ;
New plans to make, new work to do.

THE POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

You may gather golden treasure
At a fearful cost;
I have gold beneath the rainbow
That cannot be lost.

You may keep your gold securely,
Safe behind your bars;
Bars cannot contain my fortune,
For I own the stars.

When I climb to reach the rainbow,
It may not be there;
But the climbing gives me vision
In the purer air.

When I see the rainbow higher,
I am happy then,
For I know that on the morrow
I may climb again.

TRUE LIFE.

LIFE would be symphony
Forever new,
If each his melody
Sang clear and true.

Life would be symmetry,
If each one wrought
Out his divinity
Just as he ought.

Life would be harmony
With the Divine,
If in true sympathy
All hearts would join.

CHEERING EVER.

FAITH knows the light will come again
 After the dark;
Hope sees the glow of dawn, and then
 Sings with the lark.

The hero meets the dark unknown
 With ringing cheer,
And dares life's upward march alone,
 Heart free from fear.

When life's last work is nobly done,
 He calmly stands
To view the fields of triumph won;
 And in his hands

He waves hope's banner toward the sky,
 And, cheering still,
Smiles bravely, as he says "Good-bye,"
 There on the hill.

Undaunted by life's mystic change,
Serene he waits
For life of greater power and range
Beyond the gates;

With hope of higher, grander view
After the night,
And vision of new work to do
In morning light.

INFINITY.

THERE is more beauty in a tree or flower
Than human eye may ever hope to see,
There is a message in an April shower
Too deep to fully be revealed to me.

There is deep mystery in afterglow,
In rising sun, in ocean's mighty roll,
In shooting star, in changing moon; I know
Their mystery in part, but not the whole.

But as each day I look I always see
More beauty, and the mysteries grow clear;
Soul vision widens, till infinity
Seems but an endless growth beginning here.

I should be glad because to-day I see
Dimly the glory of the earth and sky;
To-morrow's highest joy should ever be
Seeing new beauty as the days go by.

THE MUSIC AND BEAUTY OF THE UNIVERSE.

WHEN with the universe I am in tune,
I hear the melody of tree and flower;
And harmonies of sun, and stars, and moon,
Reveal the majesty of unseen power.

For life is music to responsive ears,
And growth is beauty to the soul's strong eye,
When hope brings vision through progressive years,
And faith paints glory on the earth and sky.

So I shall listen to the rhythmic songs
That through the universe resound for me,
And love the beauty that to me belongs,
Which with enkindling rapture I may see.

FIND YOUR OWN ALTAR

EACH man an altar has,
Where he may see
Clearly the light divine
To make him free;

May hear the joyous song
That stirs hope new;
May feel the glow of faith
To make him true;

May find some sacred spot
Supremely blest,
Where a revealing power
Kindles his best.

Some lives are filled with peace
In temples high;
Some on the open road,
Under the sky.

Some souls may grow serene
Beside the sea;
Some lives enkindle 'neath
The spreading tree.

Some find their altar shrine
High on the hill;
Some in the shady glen,
Where all is still.

SPIRIT VISION.

ALONE on the deck at midnight,
Far on the summer sea ;
Out of the witching moonlight
Floated a dream to me.

More than a dream—a vision
Showing what life might be,
Shone with a glow elysian,
There on the summer sea.

Vision of glory splendid,
Vision of vital power,
Vision that never ended,
Came in that epoch hour.

Heaven is close beside us,
When from earth's chains we're free ;
Vision is ours to guide us,
When our soul eyes can see.

DUTY.

DUTY is what I owe
 My fellow man;
What I can do to show
 The better plan;
What I can do to teach
 Men how to climb
Out of the mists to reach
 The life sublime.

Duty well done each day
 Brings clearer sight,
Showing to-morrow's way
 Up to the light.
Duty is joy, when I
 My pathway see
Lead where my battle cry
 Is liberty.

A BIRD SONG AT NIGHT.

THE sun had set behind the hill,
'Twas afterglow in May:—
Far in the woods I sat and watched
The red sky turn to gray.

The light reluctant faded fast,
Sweet fragrance filled the air,
While trees and flowers their gratitude
Expressed in silent prayer.

My heart responsive felt the strange
Enchantment of the hour,
When from a distant tree top came
A song of witching power.

I cannot write the melody
That filled my soul with light,
It was a tone of tenderness,
A bird song in the night.

It may have pleaded that the glow
On western sky might stay;
It may have been a song of faith
And hope for coming day.

It may have been a strain of love
To cheer his loyal mate:—
To me it was an angel's voice
That poured from heaven's gate.

THE SONG OF THE BOBOLINK.

'TWAS an epoch hour in my boyhood life,
And I felt an enkindling glow,
When I heard a bobolink's song of love
In a clover field, long ago,
As I lay and dreamed on a day in June
With the universe and my heart in tune.

On an old dead pine in the field he sat,
When the clover bloomed white and red,
And the air was laden with sweet perfume,
And the white clouds sailed o'erhead,
And all nature whispered of growth and love
On the earth below and the sky above.

And the bobolink sang a sweet new song
To his mate and their babies three,
In exultant tones, and a clear, strong voice,
As he soared from the old pine tree,
And he poured out his heart in the overflow
Of his deep, true love o'er the nest below.

And I often think of the bobolink,
 And his song, and the tall pine tree,
And the clover field with its sweet perfume,
 For they still are a part of me.
And all life is sweeter, because I heard
The enchanting song of the loving bird.

EVENING.

LOVINGLY lingered the fading light,
Tenderly kissing each tree and flower,
Whispering softly a fond "good night,"
Promising joy for the morning hour.

Silently then in the woodland deep,
Wistfully watching the opal west,
Nature prepared for her needed sleep,
Welcoming gladly the time of rest.

Over me far in the forest glen
Motherly arms of the hemlocks spread ;
Peace filled my heart, as I listened then,
Reverently to the prayers they said.

After the prayer came the evensong
Sung by a thrush on a grand old oak ;—
Thrilled by its melody sweet and strong,
Up in the sky all the stars awoke.

LISTEN TO THE MUSIC.

FROM day's resplendent light,
From singing stars at night,
From the blue sky above,
Floats Nature's song of love.

From brightly flashing cloud,
From peal of thunder loud,
From mountain and from main,
Booms Nature's grand refrain.

From sacred hemlock shrine,
From the tall wind-tuned pine,
From the deep temple-glen
Comes Nature's sweet Amen.

A MEMORY.

I WAS thirteen and she was twelve.
In blooming May
I walked a blessed mile with her
From school one day.
Out from the village street we went,
Near the old mill,
Along the road and past the church
Beyond the hill.

We spoke of beauty that we saw
On field and sky;
She loved the trees, the flowers, the clouds,
And so did I.
We reached the parting of our ways,
And said "good bye,"
When wistful tenderness I saw
Light up her eye.

We silent stood, until I said,
"May I come, too?"
She blushed, then smiled and coyly said,
"I'd like it—do!"
Some of the sweetest flowers of life
That still remain
First started in my heart to grow
In that green lane.

MY RIVER.

CLEAR was the spring in the pasture field
Close to the foot of the tall elm tree,
Source of my river a half yard wide;
Wonderful river it was to me.

Far to the heart of the woods it ran;
Often I followed it there alone,
Daring to go with a throbbing heart
Into the depths of the great unknown.

Barefoot and hatless I worked all day
Changing its course with my wooden spade;
Building a bridge, or a water wheel;
Sailing my ships on the lakes I made.

Mine were great visions of power to plan;
Mine were the joys of achievement, too;
Mine were the glories of earth and sky;
Mine was a wonderful world all new.

Back to the farm as a man I went,
River and spring and tall elm had gone;
But all they started to grow in me,
Vision and power and joy, live on.

GROWTH THROUGH BEAUTY.

ALL that charmed my early childhood
 In the flower, the sky, the tree,
All that in the mystic wildwood
 Stirred responsive thrill in me;
Kindles now high inspiration;
 Gives me vision clear and new;
Life reveals in close relation;
 Makes all trueness seem more true.

Joy that once was admiration
 For the beauty that I saw,
Now uplifts to consecration
 Under universal law.
Nature now brings revelation
 To my soul of life Divine,
And the heart of all creation
 Beats in harmony with mine.

THE HIGHEST LOVE OF NATURE.

I LOVE the ocean with rolling tide,
And its sister wind so free;

I love the river that grows more wide
As it flows to greet the sea.

I love the mountain that lifts its crest
In its majesty so high,
But what I love above all the rest
Is the glow of sunset sky.

For sky and cloud send a spirit dream
That uplifts this soul of mine,
And brings a light of supernal gleam
That reveals the life Divine.

LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY.

I SHALL keep true touch with the universe,
And the vital light of the fire divine
Will direct my life with a vision clear,
And achieving power will be surely mine.

I shall climb the heights where true progress
leads;
I shall learn the secret of Nature's laws;
I shall teach new truths that will upward guide,
I shall work for justice and freedom's cause.

I shall sing no song of despair or grief;
For my failures past I shall weep no tears;
I shall garner courage, and faith, and love,
To give hope and strength in the coming years.

I shall search the lives of my fellowmen
For the good, the noble, the true alone;
For the things I see in their lives I know
Will re-act on me and transform my own.

I shall turn my face to the sun all day
Till he sets at eve in the golden west;
And the work of life will give growth and joy,
And the afterglow will bring peaceful rest.

SIT IN MY HEART'S HEARTH-GLOW.

To my deepest heart as the years have passed
I have taken friends whom I found most true;
I have kept them there, and you'll always find
That a special place is reserved for you.

The inspiring days that I spent with you
In the bygone years I shall ne'er forget,
For the seeds you planted in me have grown,
And the chords you touched are resounding yet.

And my hope is stronger, when days are dark,
And my vision clearer, and faith more true;
And my aim is higher, and joy more deep,
And my whole life sweeter because of you.

So I long for you at this Christmas time;—
Let us sit awhile in my heart's hearth-glow,
And I'll hold your hand till I feel the thrill
Of those golden hours of the long ago.

Let us tell the tales that no others know,
They're the truest tales that were ever told;
Let us dream the dreams that we used to dream;
Let us pledge again as in days of old.

VISION.

To see is greater than to know,
So I shall pray
That I may see a clearer glow
Of truth each day.

Though I know all that man has known,
Blind I may be;
There is some glory I alone
Have power to see.

My vision, I must surely see,
Or fail to do
My work to make the future be
More grandly true.

Faith should be ever turned to sight,
So I shall try
To find new stars to give fresh light
On Life's wide sky.

EPOCH MILESTONES.

It's a long way back to childhood,
But I often go alone
In my dreams to feel the glory
Of great days that I have known;

For my life is rich in epochs,
When I felt new kindling power;
When I knew the thrill exultant
Of a vision-giving hour;

When some vital soul triumphant
Opened windows in my breast,
And new light shone in to guide me
Upward to the glowing crest.

In the past I see no shadows,
But life's beacon lights instead;
So I count my epoch milestones,
Not the tombstones of the dead.

TO CAROL.

So I am a grandfather! Granddaughter mine,
How grateful I am to the Father Divine
For sending a charming young lady like you
To stir my old heart with an ecstasy new.

Now are you the sweetest that ever was known?
Or do all the grandfathers worship their own?
I hope that the others by love may be blest,
But know that my own little girl is the best.

We welcome you, dear, as you stand at life's
gates,
To start for the dreamland where destiny waits.
Fear not! As you go we will walk by your side,
And through the dim future our love-light will
guide.

A TRULY RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

A LITTLE fair-haired four-year-old
Sat in the woods one day in June;
She watched the waking ferns unfold;
She listened to the robin's tune.

She heard the buzzing of the bees;
She whispered to the smiling flowers;
She learned the wind song in the trees;
So passed the happy morning hours.

She came at length out from the wood,
And, looking past the clouds o'erhead,
Serenely sure that life is good,
“Oh, thank you, God,” she sweetly said.

LIFE'S RICHEST MOMENT.

WHEN we have struggled upward,
And stand at last
On the high, sun-kissed hill crest
To view the past;

Counting the epoch triumphs
Of duty done,
Grateful for faith and courage
By which we won;

Deep is the joy that thrills us
There on the crest:—
Surely of Life's rich moments
This is the best!

No! the transcendent glory
Of each new height
Comes, when our eyes look upward
Through clearer light,

Up to the higher hill crest
Where we may stand;—
Yonder the air is purer,
The view more grand.

A CHILD'S SMILE.

To the glory of the sky
My eyes were blind;
In my heart I sought in vain
Hope's star to find.

From my spirit shadows dark
Shut out the light,
Till I met a winsome child,
Happy and bright.

Merrily she spoke, and smiled
Sweetly at me;
Then I smiled, and soon my heart
From clouds was free.

MAY.

FAR from this tree-crowned hill top
 Visions of growth I see;
Green blades of hope on wheat field!
 Green leaves of joy on tree!

Glory of bloom-full orchards!
 Life bursting forth anew!
Music of wind and song bird!
 Sunshine on lake so blue!

Deep in my heart the glory
 Lights up my truest life,
Driving away the shadows,
 Healing the scars of strife.

Starting in Life's great garden,
 Bloom of the sweetest flowers;
Sowing in Life's wide wheatfields
 Seeds of my highest powers.

JUNE.

WAVING fields of growing corn,
Sweet white blossoms on the thorn,
Briar roses on the hill,
Violets below the mill,
Meadow-sweet beside the stream,
Dark-eyed coneflowers' yellow gleam,
Fern fronds filling all the glen,
Matchless blue on sky again,
Forests rich in stately trees,
Clover perfume on the breeze,
Bird songs floating in the air,
Beauty, glory ev'rywhere;—
Earth and sky in joy combine,
And their best is truly mine,
If I keep my heart in tune
With the universe in June.

MUSINGS.

Not what I get decides my worth,
 But what I freely, wisely give :—
It matters little how I die,
 It counts, if I sublimely live.

Not what I think decides my growth,
 But what for right I bravely do ;
If I achieve my best to-day,
 I rise to higher power and view.

I cannot do my special work
 By following another's plan ;
When I achieve my vision, then
 I do my best for God and man.

So, if each day I truly do
 The duty that I clearly see,
To-morrow never fails to bring
 New vision of my work to me.

AFTER THE RAIN.

SPRING flowers grow fair and sweet
After the rain;
Life growth is rich and true
After its pain.

After our sorrows pass
Love heals the scars;
Over life's darkest night
Shine Hope's bright stars.

Sad days we soon forget,
When they are gone;
But joyous memories
Live ever on.

KEEP SMILING.

IN living over life's best days
 The day comes back again,
When first we met, and in my heart
 You smile, as you did then.

And still I smile a sweeter smile
 Because you smiled, and so
Your smile is passed to other hearts
 To give them brighter glow.

Keep smiling, for your happy smiles
 In other lives shine on,
To bring them in their darkest hours
 The glory of Hope's dawn.

THE TRUEST THINGS.

A VAULT of stars, a silver moon,
A rock-crowned mountain by the sea,
A white cloud sailing high in June,
Gave vision new and spirit free.

A dark-eyed flower smiling bright,
A bird-song in the apple tree,
A martial drum-beat in the night,
Stirred deep, new springs of power in me.

A sacred paeon in the pine,
A rainbow resting on the hill,
The afterglow at day's decline,
Enkindled life with vital thrill.

VIRTUE AND FUN.

TWIN sisters are they,
 Virtue and Fun;
True-hearted, merry,
 Working as one,
Helping to lift earth
 Nearer the sun.

Strong-hearted, joyous,
 Upright and glad,
Helping the fearful,
 Cheering the sad,
Guiding the weak ones,
 Loving the "bad."

Comrades forever,
 Making life bright,
Work on together;
 Union is might.
Keep hearts o'erflowing
 With hope and light.

MY WEALTH.

I HAVE a garden in my heart
With flowers of beauty rare;—
Fond memories of dearest friends,
And you are blooming there.

I have fine pictures in my heart
Of those I found most true,
And often, when I am alone,
I sit and look at you.

I have sweet music in my heart
Of rich and varied tone;
In life's great choir of voices, I
Can always hear your own.

UNDER THE BITTERSWEET.

HEART full, I long for you here to-night;
Bittersweet berries are on the vine,
Red as they were in the sunset light,
When you first kindled my light Divine.

Comrade! I wonder if you can know
How you transformed me by vision new,
Waking, inspiring me long ago,
When you revealed to me wider view.

Visions of growth and achievement grand,
Triumph exultant before unknown,
Shone in my soul as I held your hand,
Conscious of power that was mine alone.

Mine to be used for my fellow man,
Breaking old bonds that he might be free,
Guiding him light-ward to see Hope's plan,
Aiding him ever more true to be.

Out of my eyes comes joy's overflow,
But through the tear mist I clearly see
Bright o'er the future Faith's golden glow,
Born on that epoch of life in me.

WHAT SHALL I SING TO YOU?

SING as the bobolink sang of Joy
In his sweet and merry tune,
Cheering my heart with his song of praise
For the clover fields in June.

Sing as the thrush to his mate sang Love
In the mystic afterglow,
Deep in the glen, till my soul was filled
With the bliss the angels know.

Sing as my mother of Hope and Faith,
And of Courage, Freedom, Truth ;
Sing as she sang, till I feel once more
The inspiring thrill of youth.

WONDERING.

WONDERING how the sun rose
To make the day;
Wondering where at sunset
He went away.

Wondering why the Winter
Brought ice and snow;
Wondering how the Springtime
Made all things grow.

Wondering why the Summer
Had long, hot days;
Wondering at the Autumn
With golden haze.

Wondering where the maples
Got colors gay;
Wondering why the wind blew
The leaves away.

Wondering at the lightning
On rolling cloud;
Wondering at the crashing
Of thunder loud.

Wondering why the stars were
So clear and bright;
Wondering why the moon changed
Her form at night.

Wondering why the hills were
So grandly high;
Wondering why the clouds sailed
Across the sky.

Wondering at the beauty
Of tree and flower;
Wondering at the marvels
Of Nature's power.

Wondering at the honor
God gave to man;
Wondering till my wonder
Revealed God's plan.

WHY FAIL?

You think you have failed, and you lie
Disheartened, and fearing to fight;
Why let a few clouds on your sky
Prevent you from seeing the light?

You look for dark omens alone,
Forgetting bright days that have gone;
Around you shines joy, but you moan,
And fear to rise up and go on.

The weak ones alone lie and wait
For others to help when they're down;
And only the foolish blame fate
When fortune continues to frown.

'Tis only the faithless can fail,
And only the hopeless can fear;
Meet life with your face to the gale.
Go down, if you must, with a cheer.

Your plans have miscarried, I know;
Have faith! Up and at it again!
The struggle will make your heart glow
And win you the trust of true men.

Life's gates are still open to you;
Look upward with brave heart and climb.
The future is yours. Dare and do,
And make life a triumph sublime.

FROM DAWN TO DARK.

I LOVE the vital glow of dawn
And song of lark;
When light's triumphant majesty
Shines out the dark;
When softly out of grateful hearts
Each flower and tree,
Of joy and peace, and greater growth
Whispers to me.

I love the happy, busy hours
Throughout the day;
When in the sunlight men may work,
And children play;
When by achievement of his plans
Man learns to see
New visions of a higher life,
And thus grow free.

I love the sunset, when the light
Paints its good-bye
In colors of exultant hope
Across the sky
So grandly, that all nature turns
To see the west,
And life in all its varied forms
Prepares to rest.

TREASURE SHIPS.

I HAVE a river in my heart
That flows to life's great sea,
And on its breast sail treasure ships
My friends have given me.

Each ship has treasures of its own,
Richer than wealth untold ;
Rare rubies of the truest love ;
Friendships of purest gold.

Your ship rides proudly in the van,
Her white sails spreading free ;
Her cargo—joys of bygone days,
And hopes for days to be.

KNOWING, GROWING, SEEING.

YES! I am thankful for the glow
That fills my heart because I know
So much of what mankind has done:—
Of noble efforts, triumphs won.

My heart is full of gratitude,
Because I know that life is good,
And that, however much I know,
Towards higher truth I still may grow.

Still deeper gratitude is mine,
Because I see the light divine
Revealing ever problems new
In wider, truer, clearer view.

I should rejoice because I know,
And more because my power may grow,
But highest joy should come to me,
For what is yet to know and see.

VIOLETS.

BEAUTIFUL Violets!
In boyhood's days
You were but spots of blue
In woodland ways.

As the rich years go past,
In you I see
Beauty unseen before
Revealed to me.

Test of my growing soul,
I come to you,
Hoping each year to find
A beauty new.

Grateful am I to you,
For now I know,
New vision ever comes
To those who grow.

YOUTH'S SCATTERED FLOWERS.

ALONG my path in Youth's great days
I scattered many flowers
Of joy and hope, I'd gathered fresh
In youth's enchanted bowers.

I walked along the path, a man;—
My flowers still were there,
Withered they were, but from their leaves
Sweet fragrance filled the air.

I touched them, and their bloom returned,
And I could clearly see
Dear friends I fondly loved in youth,
Come smiling back to me.

And often, when the cares of Life
Come floating very near,
I smell the fragrance of youth's flowers,
And clouds soon disappear.

DREAMING.

As I sit beside the ocean
In the Indian Summer days,
Looking back to years behind me
Through October's misty haze;

Catching glimpses of the wonders
That set all my life aglow
With the thrill of higher vision
In the days so long ago;

As some great revealing moment
Of the past comes shining through,
When I saw from higher hill crest
Wider, clearer, grander view;

I can hear the rhythmic music
Of the universe again,
And my glowing soul responsive
Turns to you with gladness then.

REAL RICHES.

I HAVE mountain peaks that stand up grandly
high,

I have sunsets full of glory on the sky,
I have beaches washed by ocean's rolling tide,
I have avenues along the river's side,

I have wildwoods filled with rarest ferns and
flowers,

I have song birds singing sweetly in the bowers,
I have apple blossoms smiling on my trees,
I have clover fields of sweetness for my bees,
I have hawthorn trees that love me in the glen,
I have hemlocks that still call "Come back
again,"

I have pathways where I wander free from care,
I am just a happy, hopeful millionaire.

THE KINDLING POWER OF LOVE.

BEAUTY of leaf on the waving trees!

Beauty of bloom on the sweet spring flowers!
Tell me, in music of balmy breeze,

Whence comes the glory of woodland bowers?

“Deep in our hearts all our beauty lay,”

Answered the trees and the flowers to me,
“Till it awoke at the call of May;
Till by the spirit of life set free.”

Beautiful thoughts in our hearts lie, too,

Waiting the message of love, and then
Beauty of life in our souls grows true,
Blooming in deeds for our fellow men.

TO THE NIGHT HAWK.

WEIRD spirit of the twilight
Soaring so high,
There is no sound of sweetness
In your wild cry.

Yet in your witching message
I hear a tone
That brings the heart of Nature
Close to my own.

I heard your loud call, standing
By mother's knee,
Pierce through the low, sweet music
She sang to me.

I heard your note in boyhood
Above the trees;
When life began revealing
Its mysteries.

I heard you in the gloaming
That night in June,
When first my heart was kindled
By love's sweet tune.

So vision follows vision
In dreams sublime,
When to your cry I listen
At eventime.

A HAPPY MAN.

I WENT to the home of my boyhood
After long years away.
'Twas June, and the sun resplendent
Lighted earth's best that day.

I climbed o'er the fence by the roadside
Calling a message gay,
A greeting of joy to the farmer
Turning the scented hay.

We tenderly spoke of our school days,
Told their great stories o'er,
Recalling the lives of the dear ones
Gone to return no more.

And proudly related the progress
Made by the friends we knew;
Recounting their work for their fellows,
Helping to make men true.

In parting I earnestly pleaded
That he would come to me
Some time, in the wonderful city,
Man's mighty works to see.

“ Oh, no !” he replied, “ I shall never
Leave the old farm again ;
I love Nature’s beauty and glory
More than the works of men.

“ The trees tell me stories more hopeful
Far, than the city knows ;
The birds sing for me, and the flowers
Depths of God’s love disclose.”

FREEDOM TO GROW.

Two springs were neighbors underground,
They both agreed to rise
To see the wonders of the earth,
And glories of the skies.

One wakened in a rocky glen,
And flowed through shady bowers,
Until it reached the meadows, where
It met the smiling flowers.

It freely rushed in merry glee
Between the woodland hills,
And sang triumphant songs, because
It turned a hundred mills.

The other no free outlet found,
And so a marsh it made,
Destroying life it might have helped
In meadow and in glade.

When special power in each child's life
Flows freely in its might,
It blesses him, and helps mankind
To see diviner light.

But, when adulthood blights its power
By checking its outflow,
It turns to evil, and becomes
A marsh of gloom and woe.

“I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.”

WHY should I evil fear?
God is not dead;
His message still I hear—
“Fear not,” He said.

Evil is sure to fail
When matched with right;
Darkness cannot prevail
Against the light.

Shunning the men who sin,
Fearing the wrong,
Ne'er did a triumph win,
Ne'er made you strong.

All evil you may shun,
And yet at last
Stand with no chaplet won
When life is past.

FOUNTAINS OF JOY.

WHEN shadows flit across my sky
And life seems dark and drear,
I turn to youth's enchanted days
And fill my heart with cheer.

I listen to the merry bells
In Winter time again;
I gather flowers in the Spring
In field, and grove, and glen.

I smell the purple clover fields
In Summer's golden days;
I go to apple-paring bees
Through Indian Summer haze.

TO THE TRENT.

LEAPING, rushing, gliding river,
Smiling, singing, do you know
Why you set my heart a-quiver?
Why you give me thrilling glow?
Why since first your charms enthralled me,
Life has known a rapture new?
Why your magic ever called me
Through the years to come to you?

I can see your wavelets gleaming,
As the sunshine lit each crest,
While I sit here fondly dreaming
Of the hour supremely blest,
When I learned life's sweetest story
On that happy day in June,
When my heart with rhythmic glory
First beat time to love's sweet tune.

Briar roses, lilies yellow,
On your banks in beauty grew;
Thrushes sang their music mellow
O'er your waters clear and blue,

When I saw life's grandest vision
In my darling's love-lit eye,
And a wondrous light elysian
Shone on river, earth and sky.

Do you wonder, smiling river,
That I came with heart a-glow,
Grateful to the loving Giver
For the light of long ago?
Light whose glory leaves me never,
On the land or on the sea,
Whose revealing power ever
Makes life beautiful to me.

JOYOUS AWAKENING.

From the clear sky the sun
Calls to the flowers;—
Wake up and bloom, each one;
April's warm showers
Watered your roots, and May
Waits your return to-day.

Fondly the balmy breeze
Whispers to you,
And your old friends, the trees,
In dresses new,
Long for your faces bright
To fill their hearts with light.

White thorn, and sweet wild plum
Are waking too,
Hoping that you will come
Your part to do;—
Song sparrows loudly sing:
“Unfold your blooms, 'tis Spring.”

Answered the wild flowers then:
“Gladly we bring
Beauty—our best—again;
Let joy-bells ring
In human hearts to-day
To welcome smiling May.”

NATURE'S RESPONSE TO LOVE.

COME to the woods with me,
May time is here,
Flower and blooming tree
Bring Heaven near.

Here in this quiet nook
Under the beech,
Out of her wondrous book
Let Nature teach.

Open your heart and feel
Her heart's love-glow,
Deep in your heart reveal
Power to grow,

Power to find the best
That life can give;
To see, to do, to rest,
And truly live.

FATHER.

HE was a boy in spirit, and he loved
The song bird's music, and the hum of bees,
The glowing sunset and the twinkling stars,
The woodland path, the flowers, and the trees.

I thank him for his chumship with his boy,
For kindling comradeship in early days,
When Nature's mysteries were new to me,
And he revealed the wonders of her ways.

I thank him for his faith in me. His trust
Gave inspiration, and awakened me
To consciousness of power, and vision clear
Of greater, nobler things to do and be.

He was my partner, and with youthful heart
He reverently worked along with me
To carry out my latest plans—not his.
In my own life he justly left me free.

He did not shackle me with narrow creeds,
Nor bind the past around my growing soul;
He trained me to look up, and ever strive
With all my power to reach a higher goal.

MOTHER.

IT means but little just to say
That "she is dead." Her sun has set,
But over all the vaulted sky
Her stars of love are shining yet.

I see her in each blooming flower,
She walks with me beside the sea,
I hear her in the pine tree's song,
She whispers in the breeze to me.

I shall not mourn because she died,
No thought of her should make me sad,
I shall rejoice because she lived
To make my life more true and glad.

Deep in my heart I feel the glow
Of love she kindled, and the sun
Will shine more brightly through the years
Because her work was nobly done.

LIGHT AND FREEDOM.

WHY did that tree with crooked trunk
 Bend to the right,
And then grow upward straight and tall?
 It sought the light.
It grew beneath another tree,
And had to bend the sky to see.

Why do the trees in forests grow
 So grand and high,
Raising each year their lofty tops
 Nearer the sky?
Because it is so dark below
To see the sky they have to grow.

Why do the branches of the trees
 Grow strong and wide
Over the field, and short upon
 The other side?
The branches next the field are free,
And so they grow in majesty.

Why has a tree such graceful form
 When it has grown,
If in the centre of a field
 It stands alone?
Because on every side 'twas free
To grow in perfect symmetry.

LIFE'S SWEETEST MUSIC.

My life has been thrilled by music
A thousand times;
By organ with sacred anthem;
By pealing chimes;

By bands whose heart-stirring message
My spirit fired;
By singers whose mellow voices
Great thoughts inspired;

By chorus of storm and thunder
And raging sea;

By dream songs of fancied glories
In days to be;

By wind songs among the branches
Of tall pine trees;

By bird songs borne sweetly to me
On summer breeze;

But sweeter than these is laughter,
When children play,
And shout with their hearts o'erflowing
With joy in May.

STORE LIFE'S TREASURES.

SEARCH for fresh beauty
In morning hours,
When life returning
Reveals its powers.

Garner the growth shine
Of noon, and see
New life unfolding
On flower and tree.

Gather the glory
Of sunset sky,
When life retiring
Whispers "Good-bye."

Through the years ever
Store but the best,
Then life triumphant
Will find true rest.

I'M JUST A SUNNY OPTIMIST.

I'm just a sunny optimist,
Who never borrows sorrow;
I store the sunshine of to-day
To light the dark to-morrow.

When shadows come and men are sad,
I know I should be jolly
To cheer them up, and drive away
The mists of melancholy.

Defeat should rouse me to decide
To keep on bravely trying;
True vision of achieving faith
Develops hope undying.

So never join the men of gloom
Whose hearts are full of fearing;
Hold up your head and climb the heights
With joyous song and cheering.

DAY DREAMS.

DREAM of great days gone by;
Dream of deeds bravely done;
Dream of true, noble lives;
Dream of grand triumphs won;
Dream on, till dreams come true.

Dream of great days to come;
Dream of new heights to climb;
Dream of achieving faith;
Dream of a life sublime;
Dream on, till dreams come true.

Dream of the river path;
Dream of the tree and flower;
Dream of the afterglow;
Dream beauty into power;
Dream on, till dreams come true.

Dream, till your heart grows strong;
Dream, till you feel hope's thrill;
Dream, till clear vision comes;
Dream beauty into will;
Dream on, till dreams come true.

Dream, but do more than dream;
Dream, till you truth believe;
Dream, till you plan life's work;
Dream, and your dreams achieve.
Dream on! Make day dreams true.

UPWARD.

WILL you climb life's mountain with me, my friend?

'Tis a long and a testing climb;
But we grow by climbing, and growth means life,
When our lives with the right keep time.

We will gain new power on our upward path,
As we struggle to reach the height,
When the mists roll back and we see all things
In a stronger and brighter light.

We will see more clearly our fellow men
Who are weak and who need our aid,
Who have slipped and fallen, and must be roused
By the faith of the undismayed.

And our hearts will glow, when they rise and look
At the heights with fresh hope again,
And begin to climb with a firmer step,
And the swing of achieving men.

I am glad you'll come, for I surely know
I'll be stronger if you are near;
In the long dark nights and the fierce wild storms
I shall need you my heart to cheer.

TO A BROWNING POEM.

I READ you many times before,
And thought you clear and true;
To-day I read your lines once more
And found a message new.

Why did you not reveal to me
That message long ago?
“Because you had not power to see;
You had to wait and grow.

“Live out the message of to-day,
And when you read again,
Your vision will have stronger ray
For higher message then.”

NORA'S MAGIC.

THERE are witches spreading glory on the trees;
There are fairies bearing beauty to the flowers;
And the music that is borne upon the breeze
Is the sweetest ever heard in woodland bowers.

I alone can see the beauty that is new;
No one else can hear the music that I hear;
For the witches and the fairies are in you,
'Tis your magic that has charmed me, Nora
dear.

Yes! the bird song was as sweet a year ago,
And the change is not in blossom or in tree—
Your fond love has lit my heart with brighter
glow,
And the witches and the fairies are in me.

THE AFTERGLOW.

THE sun has set behind the hill,
But radiant glory lingers still
 In red and gold and blue;
On ev'ry cloud the afterglow
Recalls the happy long ago,
 Made happier by you.

For, whether skies were bright or gray,
Your friendship cheered my upward way,
 And helped my sun to shine,
And when it sets, I surely know
I'll see you in the afterglow,
 And feel your hand in mine.

EVENING IN MY GLEN.

HERE in the woods below the mill,
 Deep in the shady glen,
The moss-grown log is waiting still
 To welcome me again.
The loving wood thrush to his mate
 Sings near me on the hill;
While from the sky at heaven's gate
 I hear the whippoorwill.

The red light shimmers through the trees
 And glistens on the stream;
The ferns are bowing in the breeze;
 I sit and fondly dream
Of sixty years ago, when I
 Last sat beneath this birch
And saw those hemlocks reach the sky
 To form my childhood's church.

I smell the fragrance in the air,
 Sweet as it used to be,
The flowers I loved are just as fair
 As when with fancy free

I felt my waking soul respond
To Nature's kindling glow,
And in my life new purpose dawning,
As faith began to grow.

And in this peaceful twilight hour
Old visions come again,
And with increased enkindling power
They glorify the glen.
I hear the rush of angel wings
With messages for me;
And each new message to me brings
Bright dreams of days to be.

PESSIMISM AND OPTIMISM.

“EARTH is a vale of bitter tears;—”
Joys should grow brighter through the years.

“All men to evil are inclined;—”
Men grow toward God, when truth they find.

“Men are depraved; to sin they plan;—”
In His own image God made man.

“Men are unworthy worms of dust;—”
God is my partner; Him I trust.

“Sorrows bring darkness ev’ry hour;—”
Darkness is weakness:—light is power.

“Clouds hide the future from my view.”
Do what the present brings to you.

TINY TIM'S TOAST.

“God bless us ev'ry one!” Dear Tim,
Your words bring hope and cheer
To hopeless hearts and needy homes
At Christmas time each year.

“God bless us ev'ry one!” How sweet
The message. May it be
The vital thought of love and joy
On every Christmas tree.

“God bless us ev'ry one!” said he;
Let us unite with him
And help the world to understand
The toast of Tiny Tim.

SACRED GROUND.

STAND with uncovered head
Under this hemlock tree,
Lightly beneath it tread,
Sacred it is to me.

Here first my eyes were filled
With Hope's exultant tears,
When I, with rapture thrilled,
Saw through the waiting years

Dimly what I might be,
Dimly what I might do,
Helping to make men free,
Helping to make them true.

Here one October day
Her heart shone into mine,
Clearing the mists away,
Letting her love-light shine.

Never was light before
So radiant as then,
Never till time is o'er
Will such light shine again.

MY FRIEND.

If you should fly to the farthest star,
I'd find you,
And with the ties of my friendship true
I'd bind you.

I'd tell again all the hopeful things
I've told you,
And in the arms of eternal faith
I'd hold you.

I'd take your hand, and forever stay
Beside you,
Through radiant glory of all the spheres
I'd guide you.

THE “BAD BOY.”

CREATED in God’s image
Was he. You must be mad
To think his nature evil,
And dare to call him “bad.”

You see his “badness” only ;
If you were not so blind
You should have found the goodness
Of his young heart and mind.

You dare to brand him “wicked,”
You say he is not true,
You judge him by a standard
Of life he never knew.

’Tis true that he has wandered
Through gateways open wide ; —
What have you done to close them,
Or cleaner life provide?

The joy of human kinship
His heart has never known ;
No flowers of faithful friendship
In his dark soul have grown.

You teach your boy to shun him
Because he is so "bad";
Your boy has power to win him,
And make his sad heart glad.

He never had the vision
Of Nature's kindling power;
He never was God's partner
In growing one sweet flower.

He never heard the music
Of hemlocks on the hill;
The sky of dawn or sunset
Ne'er gave him vital thrill.

Oh, yes! You taught him morals
He never understood,
Preached much about his badness,
But little of his good.

You think he must be punished
Because he did the wrong;
That will not wake his goodness,
Nor help him to be strong.

Be honest, human, Christian;
Dare not to call him "bad";
He needs love's tender spirit,
To make him truly glad.

LOVING SERVICE.

“A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

“A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee
strong.”

These are not mysteries nor baseless dreams,
They are the music of life’s grandest song.

They are the fountains of man’s spirit power,
They are the essence of the Master’s plan,
They are the dawn lights of the glory in
The temple of the brotherhood of man.

The source of growth in richness and in strength
Is loving service for our fellowmen ;
For service rendered evermore returns
In higher vision and in power again.

MOUNT CAVELL.

One of the most beautiful of the Rocky Mountains, on the Canadian Northern Railway, formerly Mount Geikie, is called Mount Cavell, in honor of Miss Edith Cavell.

THE mountains rise in majesty;
Their crystal crowns are grandly high;
The clouds in grateful ecstasy
Above them on the vaulted sky
In glory bid the day “good-bye.”

And yonder towers Mount Cavell,
Serenely smiling at the sun;
Proud of the story it shall tell,
Of faithful service bravely done,
Of life ennobled, triumph won.

Throughout the years it shall endure,
Firm as her faith in truth and right;
The snow upon its crest as pure
As was her life. See on its height
The last red glow of sunset light.

TO-DAY.

Do not wait until to-morrow,
 Speak kind words to-day;
Lift to-day some load of sorrow,
 Bring joy while you may.

Help to cheer the heavy-hearted
 With new faith to-day;
Show the sun, when clouds have parted,
 Till he sees the way.

If you meet an outcast, greet him
 As a friend to-day;
As a man and brother treat him—
 That was Jesus' way.

If the guns of evil rattle,
 Draw your sword to-day;
In defence of right give battle,
 Forward to the fray!

You have power—wisely use it;
 Duty done to-day
Gives new vision for to-morrow;
 Dare not to delay.

OH! WHY SHOULD I WEEP?

OH! Why should I weep when the world goes
 wrong?

I go to the woods to see
The flowers and ferns, for they always give
 A message of hope to me.

Oh! Why should I garner my sorrows up?

I go to the shady glen,
And drop all my cares on the river's breast.
 They never come back again.

Oh! Why should I grieve when misfortunes
 come?

I climb to the hilltop high,
And silently look, till my heart is full
 Of joy, at the cloudless sky.

Oh! Why should I worry in life's dark hours?

I turn to the stars, and lo!
They whisper a lesson of comfort sweet,
 And life has a radiant glow.

Oh! Why should my troubles destroy my power,

 Or rob me of joy? I know
I stand in the centre of light and growth,
 And duty says, "Work and grow."

SOLEMN AUNT MARTHA.

EARTH was to her a "vale of tears,"
And man was "weak and vile";
She was a "worm" with doubts and fears,
Who rarely dared to smile.

She thought she was a Christian, though
Her heart was full of gloom,
For life was but a "path of woe"
That led her to the tomb."

To guide all happy children right,
And fit them for life's woes,
Their joyousness she tried to blight,
And sinfulness disclose.

Her little niece, just six years old,
Lay sobbing on her bed,
And to her mother sadly told
What solemn Auntie said,

About the wicked hearts of men,
And how God's wrathful might
Would burn the world, and sinners then
Would weep in endless night.

"Her Bible's not like mother's. Lo!
Her Bible makes me sad,"
Said Chester, four years old. "But, oh!
Don't mother's make you glad?"

QUESTIONS.

I. WHO AM I?

I AM a thought of God,
I am His plan,
In His own image He
Made me a man.

II. WHERE AM I?

In a progressive world
Searching for light,
That I may truly love
Freedom and Right.

III. WHY AM I?

I am God's partner here,
His will to do,
That I may help to make
All life more true.

THE REAL TEST OF SUCCESS.

All that the wise have taught;
All that the great have done;
All that the poets sang;
All that the brave have won;
Leaves me a failure sad,
Unless I'm truly glad.

Art may reveal great truths;
Science new laws unfold;
Struggle may bring me fame;
Life give rich store of gold;
Still I'm a failure sad,
Unless I'm truly glad.

LIFE'S RIVER.

LET your life be like the river,
Flowing onward to the sea,
Ever wider, ever deeper,
Ever stronger and more free.

Guide life's river past the rapids,
And the rocks of early youth ;
Keep its sources pure and open,
Let it water roots of truth.

Then 'twill be a mighty river,
Bearing treasures on its breast,
Turning wheels of loving service
Till it reaches ocean's rest.

ANSWERS.

“How can I faith and patience learn?”
Watch the unfolding of a fern.

“How can my heart get free from pain?”
Look at a field of waving grain.

“How can I conquer doubt and fear?”
Store sunshine when the sky is clear.

“What message should my sorrows bring?”
When winter passes, then comes spring.

“Why do you smile when clouds hang low?”
When souls are calm the clouds soon go.

“Why do your troubles end so soon?”
My life with Nature is in tune.

FISHING WITH ANDREW.

'TWAS good to fish with him, because
He was a man. He knew the laws
Of being decent. When he fished
It seemed as if the fishes wished
That he might catch them. When he took
The struggling captives from his hook
He did not hurt them, same as I,
Nor hang them on his string to die.
He pinched them just behind the head,
And in a moment they were dead.
He always made it very plain
That he should cause no needless pain.

He was the cleanest man I knew
To chum with, for his life was true.
I've sat with him beside the stream
And listened 'till I seemed to dream,
And wondered how it was that he
Could know so much. Each bird and tree
Was friend of his; each flower and fern
Taught lessons which he longed to learn;
Great lessons full of wisdom new
That made all trueness seem more true.

Now I have always understood
That Nature in her loving mood
Could teach me lessons, sacred, grand;
So I could never understand
How self-respecting, honest men
Can meet in field or forest glen,
And talk of what is low and mean,
Where glory shines on ev'ry scene;
Where life around them is serene,
And beautiful, and pure and clean.

Some hear sweet voices in the wood
Proclaiming ever, "God is good";
Some find the wood a secret place,
Where they set free their nature base.
In shady nook or quiet dell
With ribald smirk unchaste they tell
Of scandal foul, or gossip's tale
Of men and women weak and frail,
While birds are singing in the bowers
Their sweet hosannas to the flowers.

He never lightly spoke of wrong,
But told of what is true and strong;
He never soiled another's mind
By idle thought of tainted kind;
He never with a leering smile
Told tale that would a soul defile.

Oh, no! 'Twas always good to hear
Him make the voice of Nature clear,
Or tell the best that he had known
In other lives to help his own.

When he had nothing good to tell
He silent was. He never fell
Below his high ideal, so
I liked to chum with him and grow.
I knew that what he did not say
Of evil in a single day,
Would help me not to go astray
And make it easier to pray.
Since he is dead I clearly see
What his life's message meant to me.

DON'T WAIT TILL HE DIES.

Look ever for the strong and true,
The tender and the kind,
And in the worst you ever knew
Some goodness you will find.

Don't wait until your neighbor dies
Or leaves you, till you show
Your gladness in your shining eyes;
'Twill do him good to know

That you have found a power or charm
In him before unknown.
Tell him! To see his heart grow warm
Will surely warm your own.

Upon his life deep scars may be,
Your faith may heal the scars.
Smile him your joy, and he will see
Upon his sky new stars.

However strong your friend may be,
You make him stronger still,
If you reveal his power as he
Is climbing up life's hill.

LIFE'S GLORY.

Joy in service; growth in duty;
Hope for better days to be;
Earth and sky enriched by beauty—
Make life glorious for me.

Heart with blissful rapture glowing
At the vision I can see;
Mind aroused to higher knowing—
Make life glorious for me.

Soul with happiness o'erflowing,
Conscious of true liberty;
Faith serenely, strongly growing
Make life glorious for me.

THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

YES! I stood beside the river,
When the setting sun was low,
And between the waving tree tops
I could see the afterglow;
And the river sang the story
That we told it long ago.

And I asked the rippling river,
As I stood there all alone,
If it knew no other story?
It replied in merry tone:—
I tell on the same old story,
But each lover hears his own.

DROP GLADNESS ON YOUR PATH.

DROP gladness on your path
Where'er you go;
It will take root to cheer
Hearts full of woe.

Plant the sweet flowers of joy
Where you find tears;
Perfume will rise from them
Through all the years.

Pressed flowers of happiness
Stored in the breast,
When sorrow comes, or fear,
Bring hope and rest.

SACRED PLACES.

THE world has many sacred spots
In glen, or glade, or woodland hill;
By river bank, or ocean shore,
That live in fond remembrance still.

Made sacred by the loving friends
Who gave my life a richer tone,
Who stirred my heart to deeper throb,
Whose thoughts responded to my own.

And often in these sacred spots,
When sweetest friendships I renew,
In dreams I feel the glowing spell
Of happy days I spent with you.

EVENING BY THE SEA.

SING, Surf! As you roll to the strand;
 Sweet is your song to me;
Sing on of the friends that I love
 Yonder beyond the sea.

Red, opal and gold of the sky
 Glowing on breaking crest;
Tell! Tell of the love they have sent
 Out of the distant West.

Scheveningen, The Hague.

WORLD VISION.

WORLD vision ever comes to men
Who are to vision true;
Who see their duty clear, and then
Responsive plan and do.

All life is sacredly sublime
To those who understand;
To those who strive each day to climb
To wider view, more grand.

LIFE AND DEATH.

SOME count their lives by days and years;
True life is what we do
To dry the founts of human tears,
And lead to higher view.

Death is but life at rest awhile
After the day is o'er,
Awaiting with a tranquil smile
The morn to work some more.

HOLY DAYS.

EACH day is holy, when we lift
The shadows, and reveal the light
To those who struggle in the dark,
That they may see to climb life's height.

Each day is holy, when we do
Our duty as it should be done,
And help to kindle other hearts
By victories that we have won.

THE SUNLIGHT AND MUSIC OF LIFE.

PLANT the roots of your soul in the sunlight,
Where no shadows may come and no night,
Where the flowers of your love may bloom always,
And their beauty give endless delight.

Tune your heart to harmonious music
Of awakening life in the Spring,
That the world may be truer and sweeter
For the anthems of joy that you sing.

ENCHANTED DREAMS.

THERE are no mountains reaching to the skies,
Nor fairy glens by singing woodland streams,
Nor castles on rock cliffs beside the sea,
So grand as those in youth's enchanted dreams.

The golden visions of a summer day,
When white clouds slowly sail across the blue,
Are more transforming to a waking soul
Than all the knowledge wise men ever knew.

CHEER UP!

“LIFE is a vale of tears.”

Make it less teary.

“Life has dark doubts and fears.”

Make it more cheery.

“Man marches to the tomb.”

Step then more lightly;

March not through gloom to doom,

Smile ever brightly.

Why blame the hand of fate

For your disaster?

Open hope’s waiting gate

And be life’s master.

Why with despondent face

Go on repining?

Faith will all shadows chase;

Clouds have a silver lining.

WHY SEARCH FOR MEANNESS?

WHY look for the meanness in others?

'Twill do you but harm, if you get it;
So, when you hear bad of your brothers,
Be decent; don't tell it; regret it.

You grow to be like what you gather;

Don't store for the future the meanness
You find in your neighbors, but rather
Their goodness, their trueness, and cleanliness.

Share freely your neighbor's rejoicing,

When efforts are crowned with successes;
'Tis not kindly thinking, but voicing
Kind thoughts that your soul truly blesses.

Remember life's moments are flying,

And hopefully do your own duty.
You'll be mean enough without trying,
So store up life's joy and its beauty.

HIS HARP STRINGS ARE UNSTRUNG.

IT may be true that he is mean
And selfish and unkind,
But some parts of his soul are clean ;
Search closely, you will find
Pure springs of sweetness you may start
To flow, and soften his hard heart.

The rock that binds his better life
Touch with your magic wand ;
His sores of bitterness and strife
Heal with your loving hand ;
Then in his life bright flowers will grow,
And in his heart true love will glow.

He should make harmony divine—
His harp strings are unstrung ;
He should sing songs of faith sublime
That never have been sung.
Help him to tune his harp again,
And sing to cheer his fellow men.

His evil springs from misused good,
Great powers he may possess ;
Help him to use them as he should
To kindle and to bless ;
Then will his darkness turn to light,
And weakness be transformed to might.

THE VALUE OF A FRIEND.

'TIS said, "No man is useless
While he has a friend";
So I would keep your friendship
True until the end.

My heart to yours responding
Kindles to its best;
Your cheerful spirit ever
Makes me truly blest.

While you are with me, Nature
Sings her sweet love song;
And while you deem me worthy
Faith and hope grow strong.

Keep then our heart lights burning,
As we upward climb,
That each may help the other
Make his life sublime.

KINDLING POWER.

I CAN transform a barren place
 By planting there
Fine fruits and flowers, producing growth
 And beauty rare.
I can enkindle barren lives
 To vital glow
By hopeful word, and kindly deed,
 And they will grow.

I can bring water to the flower
 That droops, and then
It will revive, and with fresh strength
 Will bloom again.
So to dark lives my heart may bring
 Love's cheering light,
And hope's bright star will ever shine,
 When it is night.

TRUE BEAUTY.

“WHY are all flowers not white, or blue,
Yellow, or red?
I wish their colors were the same,”
The young child said.

God knew all children would not wish
The same as you;
So made the colors different.
I’m glad He knew.

Each flower should try to be the best
That it can be;
God beauty makes of unlike things
In harmony.

LONGINGS.

I WOULD like to stand on the moss-grown rock,
Where the rippling streamlet leaped singing
down,
When the new wide world was a fairy land,
And the wreath I wore was a prince's crown.

I would like to go for the cows again
To the pasture field, where the asters grow
Near the deep dark glen, which my childhood's
fear
Made the giant's home in the long ago.

I would like to carry my dinner pail
To the old log school, on a bright spring day,
For a spelling match, and an old-time song,
And a game at noon, as we used to play.

I would like to lie near the tall dead pine,
Where I heard a bobolink sing in June,
As I lay and dreamed in the clover field,
While my heart kept time with his merry tune.

I would like a rose from the river path,
Where my boy life ended, and vision came;
Just a sweet wild rose like the one I pinned
O'er the loving heart that set mine aflame.

THE HIGHEST CALL TO DUTY.

“THE call to men their souls to save,
Is loudest spoken from the grave.”
Thus spake the preacher. Is it true
That men their noblest work will do
Through dread of death? ’Twas never so.
Souls kindle best at love’s bright glow.

If from your grave you wish to give
A call to help mankind to live
More truly, let life’s message be,
I lived to make all men more free
From prejudice and error blind,
That blight the soul and dwarf the mind.

The clearest call man ever heard,
The call by which his soul is stirred
To duty, comes when he is shown
His highest power—his alone—
And that to use it for the right
Is surest pathway to the light.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BLACK clouds shut out the setting sun,
The darkness settled into night;—
Faint hearts were fearful in the gloom,
That they no more should see the light.

But high above the mountain top
A lone, bright star shone clearly out;
Faith saw in it the hidden sun,
And hearts grew free from dwarfing doubt.

There is no night of life so dark
But, o'er the mountain, clear and bright
The star of Hope will ever shine
To guide us onward by its light.

COME TO ME.

WHEN I am sad I need your cheer,
 Come to me then ;
And, when your smile has dried my tear,
 I'll sing again.

When I am happy, come to me,
 My joys to share,
And days from care will be as free
 As childhood's were.

When I see glory on the sea,
 Or sky, or land,
I need you most, for you will see
 And understand.

COME IN MY DREAMS.

COME in my dreams, recalling
The long, long past to me;
Tender, and true, and happy,
As you were wont to be.

Come in my dreams, and whisper
Your loving words again,
Under the hemlock arches
In June, as you did then.

Come in my dreams, and show me
On sky and land and sea
Glory unseen, until you
Taught me to clearly see.

Come in my dreams, inspiring
My deepest life anew;
Come in my dreams, and, waking,
I shall dream on of you.

TRUE FAITH.

SOME men imagine faith to be
A substitute for work,
And think God does whate'er they ask
In faith, though they may shirk.
Faith should not make men indolent,
But rouse them to attain
Their vision of their work to-day
That they more power may gain.

True faith inspires us to achieve,
True faith defeat defies,
For if upon life's field we fall,
True faith will make us rise.
Quit ye like men, your duty find,
And do it with your might;
Then faith will grow, and duty be
Revealed in clearer light.

BEAUTIFUL FACES.

TRANSFORMING lines of beauty new
The brush of Virtue traces;
The record of each action true
Shines clearly on our faces.

Each countenance might truly show
The witching charm of beauty,
If hearts were warmed by kindling glow
Of love that leads to duty.

STORE LIFE'S BEST.

STORE up the beauty
 Of day begun;
Gather the growth shine
 Of noonday sun;
Garner sky's glory,
 When day is done;
Then count your record
 Of Triumphs won.

SMILE ON.

ALTHOUGH the years may bring us tears,
The clouds go swiftly by,
Let sorrow go, and gladness glow
In rainbows on your sky.

Still sweetly sing, as in the Spring
The birds sang long ago:—
With lives in tune, 'tis always June;
Smile on, and truly grow.

TRUST AND BE GLAD.

GARNER no sorrows up,
 Keep joys in store;
Grief, when in gladness lost,
 Troubles no more.

Grief is but lack of faith;
 Doubting makes sad;
Hope fills the soul with joy;
 Trust and be glad.

YOUTH'S HALO.

I HAVE seen the mighty mountains, Dick,
Hold high their heads in pride;
I have seen the rushing rivers, Dick,
Sweep down the mountain side;
But I'd rather see the green hills, Dick,
That filled our lives with joy;
And I long to paddle in the creek
I fished in when a boy.

I have seen the greatest cities, Dick,
And they are truly great;
I have seen the lordly castles, Dick,
Where nobles live in state;
But I'd rather see the village, Dick,
Where first our prayers we said;
And the cottage where my mother, Dick,
First tucked her boy in bed.

I have seen superb cathedrals, Dick,
Sublime, majestic, grand;
I have seen fine seats of learning, Dick,
The best in ev'ry land;
But I'd like to see again, Dick,
Our little chapel shrine;
And I'll ne'er forget the school, Dick,
Where vision first was mine.

MEMORIES.

I REMEMBER the bird songs that day, Dick,
When we sat in the glen by the stream,
And the freshness and beauty of May, Dick,
Filled my soul with a hope-kindling dream.

I remember the path by the mill, Dick,
Where the briar rose scented the air;
And the coneflowers crowning the hill, Dick,
Whose golden smiles welcomed us there.

I remember the gaily dressed trees, Dick,
In the autumn red, yellow and brown,
Till the leaves were borne off by the breeze, Dick,
When the flower roots whispered, "Come
down."

I remember that dawn when the sun, Dick,
Turned the darkness to life-giving light,
As we planned such great deeds to be done, Dick,
In achieving the triumph of right.

Yes, the best of my boyhood lives on, Dick,
And the bird song, the flower and the tree,
And the glow of awakening dawn, Dick,
Are still bringing new vision to me

BOYHOOD'S VISIONS.

I OFTEN sit with you, Dick,
Beside the old gray mill,
Or climb again the pathway
With you to reach the hill.

Or in the summer nights, Dick,
We watch the sparkling stream
Go rippling in the moonlight,
And of the future dream.

For long ago 'twas there, Dick,
We met as boys to plan
The work that each would do, Dick,
When he became a man.

We have not done it all, Dick,
Some things need righting yet,
But we shall climb still higher
Before the sun has set.

And when I count the work, Dick,
. That you and I have done,
And think, with thankful heart, Dick,
Of triumphs we have won,

I'm glad we had such visions, Dick,
Beside the moonlit stream,
And that our lives responded
To boyhood's glowing dream.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

SWEET memories glow yet, Dick,
 Of days when we were boys;
We never can forget, Dick,
 Youth's power enkindling joys.
The sorrows of those days are gone,
But all the joys of youth glow on.

The love we had for truth, Dick,
 Bound us with links of gold,
And made the buds of youth, Dick,
 In sweeter flowers unfold.
My life will ever be more true
Because of friendship shared with you.

So as the years go by, Dick,
 In life's enchanted bowers,
We'll scatter, you and I, Dick,
 Seeds of the brightest flowers,
To cheer us as we climb life's height,
And make our pathway ever bright;

That those behind may see, Dick,
 Our blooming flowers ahead,
And by their perfume be, Dick,
 Through cloud and darkness led,
Until they reach the glowing crest,
And find the home of joyous rest.

MYSTERIES.

I WONDER why the moonlight, Dick,
Has lost its magic power
To thrill us, as in early years,
At midnight's witching hour.

I wonder why the Springtime, Dick,
Can not make flowers grow
So beautiful, as those we found
In Springtime long ago.

I wonder why the pine trees, Dick,
Are not so grand and high,
As when we rambled in the woods,
And they held up the sky.

I wonder why no music, Dick,
Can ever be so sweet,
As when we heard the Hampton Band
Play on Solina Street.

I wonder why no triumph, Dick,
Can give me such delight,
As when I won the spelling match
In Bradley's School that night.

I'm glad we can remember, Dick,
The glory long ago,
When Nature, Friendship, Love and Hope
First started Life to glow.

THE SENSIBLE PANSY.

A ROSE and an oak and apple tree,
Who foolishly wished something else to be,
Stood gloomily trying one day to die;—
The gardener loved them and asked them why?

The apple tree trembled, and shyly spoke:—
“I’d live if I only could be an oak,
And grow till my branches could reach the sky;
I cannot, and so I shall droop and die.”

The rose said she’d live on and on, if she
Could grow such fine fruit as the apple tree;
“But I am no use to the world, so I
Have fully decided that I shall die.”

The oak was ashamed that with all his power
He could not grow either fine fruit or flower;
“I know that my trunk is both large and high,”
Said he, “but I think that I ought to die.”

The gardener saw, as he turned away,
A pansy still blooming in colors gay;
It said, “I could not be a rose or a tree,
So a good little pansy I try to be.”

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

BEAUTY is the mystic light
 On mountain, sky and sea;
Beauty is the magic spell
 Of river, flower and tree.

Beauty is the radiant smile
 On Nature's winsome face.
Shining in her majesty,
 Her symmetry and grace.

Beauty is God's message, when
 I see what stirs my heart
In the glory of His works,
 Or man's revealing art.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

FRIENDS of my youth ! I shall not mourn
Because we had to part ;
I shall be glad that long ago
You lighted up my heart.
Your life touch gave a sweeter tone
To all the music of my own.

Friends who came only yesterday !
'Twas long to wait, I know ;
Why weep because we met so late ?
You're here, you're true, and so
I shall rejoice, and life will be
Richer because you came to me.

HAPPINESS.

IF some friends I trusted have proven false
I can think of those who have still been true;
I have planted seeds that have never grown,
But I think with joy of the flowers that grew.

If my heart grows faint, at the fount of faith
I can drink fresh draughts and my strength
renew;
If my life grows narrow, my thought may soar
On the wings of hope to a broader view.

For there are no fetters to bind my soul
When the wider vision has set me free;
And there is no evil without some good
Of a larger kind that is close to me.

NO ACT IS TRIFLING.

No act is trifling, if 'tis done
Sincerely, with a purpose true,
And if with patient care I plan
And do the best that I can do.

My simplest plan becomes sublime,
And links me with the highest, when
Well done, for thus a partnership
I form with all great leaders then.

Our highest growth does not depend
On what we do, but how 'tis done;
By doing truly till the end
Life's greatest victories are won.

FAITH.

THE noblest hero is the man whose faith
Grows stronger, as the night grows dark and
drear,
Who bravely struggles on to overcome,
Though foes oppose and there is none to cheer.

True to his vision and with dauntless heart,
Enthusiastic, though he climbs alone,
Faith leads him upward that he may reveal
Some truth he sees to others yet unknown.

The highest happiness the heart can know
Comes when his victory at last is won ;
And, in his triumph, on the mountain crest
He stands serenely, when his work is done.

Be not distrustful; doubting unbelief
Ne'er led to high endeavor to achieve ;
The men who have transforming power are those
Who in themselves, their cause and God believe.

PARTNERSHIP.

I PLANT a seed, a flower blooms; I know
That I alone could not have made it grow.
And yet I know full well that power divine
Produced the plant in unity with mine.

God enters into partnership with me;
No greater thought than this can ever be
Revealed to finite mind; all things are mine,
If I accept and use the power divine.

God is my silent partner; He will do
No work of mine, but it is surely true,
That I may trust Him to supply my needs.
Life's flowers will grow, if I will plant the seeds.

MY FRIENDS.

My friends are those who kindled me,
And set my life aglow
With hope and faith and purpose high ;
And started me to grow.

Twin souls of mine, your vital touch
Stirred all the best in me ;
You led me upward toward the light
And set my spirit free.

You made me conscious of new power
That I had never known,
When gratefully my waking heart
Responded to your own.

SELF-HOOD.

THE greatest man is he who knows
 He is a thought of God,
Endowed with leadership to climb
 Where man has never trod;

With special gift; with vision clear
 Revealed to him alone
Of work enriching human life,
 With thought before unknown;

With power to make new flowers bloom
 In barren lives, or light
A lamp high up the mountain side
 To make the path more bright.

ACHIEVING.

IT does not give new power to grow
To learn what men believed;
Men kindle truly, when they know
The work men have achieved.

The soul its richest growth attains
When from all bondage freed;
We should not bind it with the chains
Of prejudice, or creed.

The revelations of past years
Should stimulate, not bind;
No ancient thoughts, no hoary fears,
Can check the strong, free mind.

The victories mankind has won,
Should point to duties new;
The noble work the past has done,
Should guide to broader view.

True leaders are the men who dare
To climb alone, to see
A higher vision in clear air,
From cloud and darkness free.

CREEDS.

TEACH not the child the ancient creeds
 Men have believed;
But kindle him by noble deeds
 Men have achieved.

Teach him to love the truth, and know
 That truth makes free;
Teach him to work that he may grow
 New truth to see.

Teach him to think, and bravely stand
 Unchained by creed,
Responsive to Divine command
 Where truth may lead.

Teach him to do his best each day,
 That clearer light
May guide him on his upward way
 To life's grand height.

FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

—Shakespeare.

FAINT-HEARTED, false philosophy!
Believed by faithless men alone;
God rules the world; triumphant truth
Makes free, when it is truly known.

The hopeless coward weakly fears
That wrong is stronger than the right,
That evil can outlast the good,
That darkness can o'ershadow light.

The good lives on, and gains new strength
As men to higher outlook rise;
The evil ever fainter grows,
And in the sunlight droops and dies.

Great deeds record man's upward growth;
Kind words re-echo through the years;
High thought enkindles larger thought;
Hope trusts the future with no fears.

All progress rests upon the rock
Of faith that right must surely win;
For trusting fills our lives with power,
And doubting is our dwarfing sin.

DOING.

BELIEVE him not who says that “men do wrong
Because they love wrong better than the
right” ;—

God made man well—with power for higher life,
With love of work, and longing for the light.

Men do the wrong because they do not see
The glory of the good they might achieve;
Christ taught mankind “to do His will to know
His doctrine.” Men grow blind who but believe.

Pure joy is never found in doing wrong;
'Tis doing brings delight; men love to do,
Because transforming gives them faith and hope,
And lifts the soul to wider, clearer view.

To do to-day the duty that we see,
Reveals to-morrow's duty, and supplies
Achieving power for upward growth; and life
Grows sweeter, richer, grander, as we rise.

CLIMBING.

As I climb life's mountain my heart is thrilled
 By the wider vision that comes to me,
And I feel the growth of achieving power
 And the glow of hope, as my soul gets free.

As I rise beyond the enshrouding mists,
 I can see more clearly the Master's plan,
And the work He meant me to do for Him
 In revealing truth to my fellowman.

For the path grows straight as I near the crest,
 And my feeble faith is transformed to sight;
And the mysteries that were one time dark
 I can understand in the brighter light.

THE FLOWER'S MESSAGE.

MAIDEN, what whispers the flower to you,
Smiling so sweetly to greet you to-day?
Is it a story of love ever true?
Or of the beauty and growth-joy of May?

Does it recall to you great days gone by?
Days when your young heart was happy and
free?
Or is it telling of light on your sky—
Vision of glory in life yet to be?

List to its story, and it will unfold
Soul-kindling message, revealing to you
Laws in God's universe clearly enrolled;
Laws that will guide you to heights ever new.

SELF FAITH.

“ WE are but worms, all flesh is grass,”
The mournful preacher taught.
’Tis true—compared with God Himself
Mere human power is naught.

But God created us, and gave
Us power to grow, and do
Each day some noble work, and be
More strong, more wise, more true.

We represent Him, and should feel
The honor of our trust;
We should be worthy men, and not
“ Unworthy worms of dust.”

God’s faith in us should give us faith,
That we may ever be
Prepared to undertake with joy
Each duty that we see.

He fails who undervalues power
He has, but dare not use;
More power he cannot gain, and what
He has, he’ll surely lose.

A wormy Christian basely creeps,
When he should bravely fight
With faith in God and true self faith
To win for truth and right.

PRAAYER AND GROWTH.

If I use my power, I may justly ask
For a higher power; it is vain to pray
For a deeper insight, unless I strive
To perform the duty I see to-day.

The Divine Creator makes no mistakes,
I must use with zeal for a purpose true
What I now possess, or he'll never give
Any greater power, any vision new.

God has never promised to do my work,
But he gives more wisdom and insight still
To reveal my duty, if I respond
To His guiding spirit, and do His will.

'Twould be reckless waste to give me new power,
If I do not try to achieve the plan
That He has revealed; if I do not prove
In the work of life that I am a man.

MY HOME LAND.

WHERESOE'ER my footsteps roam
Memory goes back to thee,
Dear old Durham, happy home,
Where my life was pure and free.
Nature in my childhood there
Thrilled my soul with joyous dreams,
As I rambled without care
Through the glens and by the streams.
I can never have again
Dreams so sweet as I had then.

Mine were stars, and sun, and moon,
Mine the joys of woodland bowers,
Mine the Bob-o-link's sweet tune,
Mine the beauty of the flowers,
Mine the home life fond and true,
Mine the friends I ne'er forget,
Mine love's music ever new,
Ringing in my heart bells yet,
I can never be again
Half so rich as I was then.

Happy school days of my youth !
Days of growth and vision, when
Honor, virtue, faith and truth,
I was taught by noble men !
I remember with delight
Youth's enchanting, sacred joys,
And I breathe a prayer to-night
For my school-mates—girls and boys.
There can never be again
Days so glorious as then.

THE REVEALER.

SINCE I saw across Life's ocean
 The glow of your friendly light,
My soul has a clearer vision
 Of justice, and truth, and right,
My faith in mankind is stronger,
 My pathway has grown more bright,
My courage and strength are greater
 To win in the uphill fight.

There is more sweetness in Springtime,
 More music of birds in June,
There is more hope in the morning,
 More rest in the peaceful noon,
There are more stars in my heaven,
 More mystic charm in the moon,
There is, since you sang it for me,
 More melody in Life's tune.

There is more warmth in the sunshine,
 More gold in the sunset, too,
There are more pearls in the raindrops,
 More diamonds in the dew,
There are more flowers in the woodland,
 More beauty in mountain view,
More glory in sea and river,
 Since you made the whole world new.

THE SUN WILL SHINE AGAIN.

WHEN the fading sunset
Tells that day is o'er,
No one fears that morning
Will return no more.
So Life's sunny brightness
Oft may pass, but then
Hope will light the darkness;
Day will come again.

So, if fickle fortune
Ever prove unkind,
Nobly face the future
With a cheerful mind.
Each heart has some shadows,
But, if we despond,
We are clouding over
Happy skies beyond.

Waste no time in weeping
There is work to do,
Higher duties waiting
For the strong and true.
Earnest, manly effort
Drives away despair,
Cowards never conquer,
Courage chases care.

UNITY.

“The soul of man is a mirror wherein may be seen darkly
the image of the mind of God.”—*Ruskin*.

YES, at the dawn how dim!
Darkly I see
Through the gray mists to Him
Smiling at me.

“ You are my child,” said He
“ My soul with yours
May be in unity
While life endures.”

“ In unity with me
My soul will shine
In yours, for yours will be
A part of mine.”

Conscious of unity
Vision grows true,
And I can clearly see
Life’s wider view.

FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE friendship blooms with fairer flower,
And sweeter perfume through the years
To strengthen hope, when dark clouds lower,
And give me joy to dry my tears.

True friendship never fails to stand
Beside me, when life's thunders roar,
To take me kindly by the hand,
And calm me till the storm is o'er.

True friendship in the sunny hours,
When skies are bright is ever near,
To guide me and reveal new powers
To make the upward path more clear.

ON THE CREST.

FROM the crest of life I can look far down
To my boyhood days, and the distant view
Fills my heart with joy, as I live again
The enchanted years, when the world was new.

And I know, dear friend, as I see the past
In the golden light of the setting sun
That your friendship gave me new strength to
climb,
That you shared with me in my triumphs won.

PRAISE.

PRAISE is a song that kindles hearts,
Inspires with hope and faith imparts.
Praise others, and your duty do,
That their just praise may come to you.

Stint not your praise for deeds well done,
Rejoice when friends have triumph won,
Earn praise achieving through the years,
Be worthy of approving cheers.

MYSTERY AND GLORY.

THERE is mystery and glory
In young life's untimely end,
But we'll understand the story,
And our tears and smiles will blend.

For the mystery will leave us,
As the sadness disappears;
And its pain will cease to grieve us
In the sorrow-healing years.

Then the glory and the beauty
Of the life that once was ours,
Will guide us to higher duty
And to more triumphant powers.

MARJORIE'S RECORD.

A GROUP of solemn little girls
Mourned for a playmate who
Had died, and each her virtues told—
How kind she was, how true.

And one in earnest, loving words,
So simple and sincere,
Said: "It was easy to be good
When Marjorie was here."

WHY?

WHY is your power so strong?
To save the weak from wrong;
To aid them with your might
Gently to climb life's height.

Why is your faith so strong?
That you may teach hope's song
To men whose hearts are sad,
And help to make them glad.

Your power and faith are strong
Do they to you belong?
In trust they came to you;—
Use them to make men true.

THE GREAT REVELATION.

Of infinite creative power
Each man has vision of his own;
I see its growth in tree or flower,
You see it in a star or stone.

Each star and stone, each flower and tree,
Reveals a new Divinity,
And guides responsive souls to see
The glories of infinity.

POWER MEANS DUTY.

FAITH in God's power should teach
Duty—not trust alone,
God gives some power to each
And each should use his own.

God has not promised me
That He my work will do;
He promised power to see
My work, if I am true.

He promised to renew
My strength each day, if I
Achieve my present view,
And on His power rely.

If, as God's partner here,
I serve my fellowman
With faith in Him sincere,
He will reveal His plan.

Faith will grow weak, if we
Leave all God's work to Him;
All life will poorer be,
New vision be more dim.

TOWARDS THE DIVINE.

How may mankind grow upward
Towards the Divine?
By doing each his duty;—
You yours,—I mine.

How may each know his duty
For the Divine?
By finding each his self-hood;—
You yours,—I mine.

Each has a special image
Of the Divine;
Each should reveal his image;—
You yours,—I mine.

And so mankind grows ever
Towards the Divine,
If each does his own duty;—
You yours,—I mine.

Each helps to light the pathway
Towards the Divine,
If each keeps his light shining;—
You yours,—I mine.

CONSCIOUS IMITATION.

WHEN by the good or great
 You are impressed,
Try not to imitate
 Even the best.

True to your best, look up,
 See your own star;
Copying others' power
 Your own will mar.

What each can give to you
 Becomes your own,
If to yourself you're true,
 And stand alone.

DARKNESS.

ALL darkness is merely the absence of light,
All darkness is weakness, but sunshine is might ;
All error is darkness ; the truth and the right
Will bring the clear day after error's dark night.

Despair is the darkness, when hope does not
 shine ;

Distrust is the darkness, till faith-light Divine
Reveals the bright stars on the heavenly sphere,
And gives full assurance that morning is near.

MY HEART IS IN IRELAND IN MAY.

(Tune: Brahms' Cradle Song.)

WHEN the thorn blooms in May
My heart flies away
Old Ireland to thee
Far over the sea,
And I dream that again
In my home in the glen
The sweet songs I can hear
Of my mother so dear.

And beneath the white tree
My Nora I see
That day long ago
Her love thrilled me so
That birdsongs were new,
And skies were more blue,
And life's great joy was born
Neath the arms of the thorn.

Dear old Ireland to me
You ever will be
The fairest and best.
This land of the West
Is a land wide and free
From the sea to the sea,
But a witch-bond in me
Binds me ever to thee.

LAUGH (A Song).

THE earth is beautiful and glad ;
 Help it to bloom,
When business is very bad,
 Help it to boom.
The worst disease men ever had
 Is gloom, gloom, gloom.

CHORUS :

Then laugh, laugh, laugh,
Laugh loudest when times are bad ;
Remember good times you've had ;
Look up, look ahead, be glad ;
 And laugh, laugh, laugh.

Your laugh does not remain with you,
 It ripples on ;
Its music stirs your neighbors, too,
 And brings the dawn
Of hope, and joy, and brighter view,
 When you are gone.

CHORUS :

So let your merry laugh resound
 By day and night,
To make pure happiness abound
 And sad hearts light ;
Scatter your laughter seed around
 To make lives bright.

CHORUS :

TOM AND JIM.

Two mothers sat upon the green
In May;
Their year-old children sat between
At play.

The mothers started in the shade
To talk;
The babies rose, and efforts made
To walk.

Both babies fell, as babies will.
Tom cried.

Jim tried to rise. He fell, but still
He tried.

Tom's mother lifted him, and said
“Poor, dear,
Sweet tootsey!” dropping on his head
A tear.

Jim's mother said: “Good boy!” at length,
When he
Stood firmly, happy in his strength,
And free.

Tom learned to flounder in the dust,
And cry;
Jim learned on his own power he must
Rely.

THE GREATEST KISS.

SOME say "the first," and some "the last,"
And some "the one I cannot get,"
Each has a special thrilling bliss
But mine has not been given yet.
The kiss above all others sweet
I hope to get when next we meet.

LAVEROCKDALE*

I saw it first a bare wide waste,
A grassy slope with fringe of trees,
A purling burn along its side,
With sedges waving in the breeze.

To-day a stately home looks out
Across a field of smiling flowers;
The burn sings in a rocky glen
Through lakes, and waterfalls, and bowers.

Transformed it is by loving hearts
Who planned with taste, and wrought with
care;—
No other garden ever held
Such flowers; so tall, so sweet, so rare.

I asked a foxglove nine feet high
To tell me why so tall it grew:
“They love us, so we do our best;—
Were you a flower, sir, wouldn’t you?”

* Home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivory, Colinton, Scotland.

THE PERFECT GARDEN.

Laverockdale.

Most lovely garden in the world!

I wondered how your flowers grew
So grandly, till I asked a rose
Who kindly told me—then I knew.

Conditions for each flower are found
Its special needs to suit, and so
In perfect form, and beauty, each
May freely, strongly, truly grow.

So human souls reach highest growth,
When each has found its special power,
And freely grows till it reveals
The beauty of life's perfect flower.

THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.

UPON the Brig o' Doon I stood,
And kirk and river, hill and wood
Spoke loud of Burns, and round me there
His spirit hovered in the air.

My life with Nature was in tune,
For on the Banks o' Bonny Doon
Pure sylvan beauty lingers still
Each ardent heart with joy to fill.

The birds sang love songs in the trees,
And witches floated on the breeze
Behind Tam's mare, till rushing on
She passed me tail-less, and was gone.

Enchanted by a magic spell
The rippling river seemed to tell
The story that Burns whispered low
To Mary in the afterglow.

I saw him in the gloaming hour
Enraptured with poetic power,
Aroused by Nature's kindling charms
Beneath the hawthorn's snowy arms.

I saw him walk with glowing look
Along the pathway by the brook,
When visions came of glory new
Revealing life in grander view.

And clearly to my mind was brought
The meaning of his noble thought
Of freedom for the human mind,
True source of Hope for all mankind.

With patriotic ardor fired,
I heard him in a tone inspired
Ask—"Wha can fill a coward's grave?"
Or—"Wha sae base as be a slave?"

And from his lips I seemed to hear
His sacred message true and clear :—
"Preserve the dignity of man,
And trust the universal plan."

SPIRIT HARMONIES.

THE man is happy who, with soul serene
Amid the rush and din of life, still hears
The rhythmic melodies of youth, and dreams
Youth's glowing visions on throughout the
years.

Our youthful dreams may be our wings by which
We rise in spirit to God's altar heights,
And see related life, when wider views
Enkindle in our souls revealing lights.

There is no discord in God's orchestra,
When hearts are tuned with His in harmony;
And we may ever see in His clear light
New beauty on the sky, the earth, the sea.

LINES WRITTEN IN A BOY'S ALBUM.

I LOVE God's stars and flowers and trees,
And wheatfields waving in the breeze;
I love His glory on the sky,
When day is whispering good-bye;
I love to hear His wild birds sing
To welcome waking life in Spring;
I love His mountains and his sea,
But best of all His gifts to me
I love a happy-hearted boy
Who helps to fill the world with joy.

TO MY ONLY SON.

FREEDOM and honor called you,
Nobly you made reply;
For right and truth and justice
Bravely you went to die.

You chose the life of service,
Chose it yourself alone,
And made the path of duty
To God and man your own.

Killed on the field of battle
Yonder across the sea,
Dear son, I'll ever keep you
Fondly in memory.

Boyhood of loving kinship,
Youth of unfolding might,
Manhood of faithful service,
You made all life more bright.

Comrade, I longed to know you
Till you were old and gray,
That I might watch your progress
Along life's upward way;

That I might keep the record
 Of life so well begun,
And share with you the uplift
 Of triumphs you had won.

I shall dream on, beloved,
 Of deeds you might have done;
Dream as I climb life's hillside
 To see the setting sun;

Climbing with clearer vision,
 And step more light and strong;
Singing because I knew you
 A sweeter, grander song.

HIS LAST LETTER.

DATED the day before
My brave son fell,
Ere the dread cable said,
“Killed by a shell.”

Surely it must have come
Straight from his tomb,
Message of love and light
To break the gloom.

Written two weeks ago
“Somewhere” it said;
“Living and working hard,”
Now he is dead.

Manly his hopeful words
Full of good cheer;
Tender his thoughts of home,
Home ever dear.

One note of sadness told
His heart was sore;
“Baker, my chum, is blind
He fights no more.”

Message of faith and hope
Last from my son!
He lies across the sea—
Life’s work well done.

SORROW AND JOY.

OH, yes! I'm sorry he was killed,
My brave, my only son;
But I am glad his life was filled
With man's work nobly done.

I'm sad because he died so soon,
But glad he lived so long,
His heart with purpose high in tune,
His soul serene and strong.

Regret oft drives its poisoned dart
Into my breast, but then
I think how well he did his part
And I rejoice again.

The shadow of his loss I see;
Sometimes the clouds hang low,
But then his life light shines in me,
And sets my heart aglow.

I'll smile, though loving tears may fall
As pass the coming years;
He heard and answered duty's call;—
Mine are exultant tears.

DEAD!

LIFE's supremest shock of sadness
Dims my eyes with loving tears,
But I know that glowing gladness
Will be mine throughout the years.

Never shadow came nor sorrow
From my happy-hearted boy,
So through all the great to-morrow
Memory will bring me joy :

Joy of honest, manly doing,
Joy of service for his friend,
Joy of upward path pursuing,
Till he reached life's noble end.

Doing bravely sacred duty
For the right and liberty.
How could death have grander beauty?
More triumphant dignity?

HIS UNFINISHED STORY.

I CANNOT know the story
 Of what you might have done;
I can but dream of honors
 You would have earned, dear son.

But I shall keep the record
 Of how you did your part
True to your highest, ever
 Deep in my happy heart.

Beauty of dawn and sunset,
 Glory of sky and sea,
Grandness of star and mountain,
 Will bring you back to me.

Often in woodland pathway
 Beside me you will stand
Tranquil and true, and tell me
 Of work that you had planned.

And life will aye be sweeter,
 Hope be more strong and clear,
Faith more serene and vital,
 Because I feel you near.

A TRUE DEMOCRAT.

WITH men of highest rank he stood serene;
Comrade was he to men of lowly sphere;
Brother to all whom men call "bad" or "mean,"
He gave them fellowship their hearts to cheer.
They found it easy to be true and clean
When he was with them, and his smile sincere
Made sad hearts sing and dark clouds dis-
appear.

He knew that good must ever conquer wrong,
Unless God fights for evil against right;
He never feared that badness was so strong
As on his moral power to put a blight,
When with true brotherhood he helped along
A hopeless outcast beaten in life's fight,
And cheered him on his pathway to the light.

CHESTER.

He was the wind from the hillside,
Bringing the balsam's perfume;
He was the dawn of the morning,
Clearing the mist-clouds of gloom.

He was the rock-bounded streamlet,
Leaping in glee through the glen;
He was the wide-flowing river,
Bearing rare treasures to men.

He was the sun of the Summer,
Giving new growth in the field;
He was the harvest of Autumn,
Rich in its bountiful yield.

He was the arms of the hemlock,
Waking enchantment in me;
He was the crimson-toned maple;
He was the wave-crested sea.

He was the afterglow glory,
Ending the day with delight;
He was the moon's wondrous magic;
He was the star-shine of night.

He was the flower of the Springtime;
He was the pine's mystic tune;
He was the spirit of Nature,
Singing its joy-song in June.

So through the years will the streamlet,
River and wave-crested sea,
Dawnlight and sunshine and eve-glow,
Star gleam and flower and tree,
Bird song, and growth time, and wind breath,
Whisper his sweetness to me.

OUR MEMORIES.

Not as a soldier grim,
 But as a happy boy
Will we remember him,
 Radiant with each new joy.

Not as a soldier grim,
 But as a winsome youth
Will we remember him,
 Clear-eyed and loving truth.

Not as a soldier grim,
 But as a man upright
Will we remember him,
 Glowing with hopeful light.

Yet—though our eyes be dim—
 Earnest and true and brave
Will we remember him,
 Fighting life's best to save.

MARS AND VENUS.

THE spirit of Mars on the earth looked down;
Mankind I control, he said,
The world is at war, and men's hearts are mine;
The spirit of love is dead.
Hate rules! I am king! At my feet men kneel,
And worship the power of my bloody steel.

The spirit of Venus replied: False god,
The hearts of mankind are mine,
The clouds of your hate will soon pass, and then
The sun of my love will shine.
The hearts that you darkened will light again,
And glow with true love for their fellowmen.

Brave men are at war for the love of right;
To freedom and justice true
They fight to prevent the appalling crimes
Of despots who worship you.
Love rules! I am queen! Your malignant dream
Is ended, and love is enthroned supreme.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

UPON the heights at Queenston,
One dark October day,
Invading foes were marshalled
In battle's dread array;
Brave Brock looked up the frowning heights
And planned a bold attack,
“No foreign flag shall float,” said he,
“Above the Union Jack!”

His loyal-hearted soldiers
Were ready every one,
Their foes were thrice their number—
But duty must be done.
They started up the fire-swept hill
With loud resounding cheers,
While Brock’s inspiring voice rang out—
“Push on York Volunteers!”

But soon a fatal bullet
Pierced through his manly breast,
And loving friends, to help him,
Around the hero pressed;

“Push on,” he said, “do not mind me,”
And ere the setting sun,
Canadians held the Queenston Heights—
The victory was won.

Each true Canadian patriot
Laments the death of Brock.
Our country told its sorrow
In monumental rock;
And if a foe should e'er invade
Our land in future years,
His dying words will guide us still—
“Push on brave volunteers!”

THE OLD VETERAN.

DID you see his old eyes glisten,
When the soldiers marched away,
As he proudly stood to listen
To the band that autumn day?

Did you hear him tell the story
Of the day so long ago,
When for England, home and glory,
He marched off to meet the foe?

Sixty years ago my mother
Came to see her son depart,
And beside her stood another
Who had won my happy heart.

And “The Girl I Left Behind Me,”
That the band played loud and clear,
Meant my Kate. My tears near blind me;
For to-day she is not here.

In old Devon she is sleeping,
Close beside the rock-bound sea;
You must just excuse my weeping,
For so much comes back to me.

As I hear again the rattle
Of the drumbeat call her sons,
Yes! and grandsons to the battle,
To defeat the savage Huns.

When the war is o'er, I'll greet them
Proudly if they are alive.
Hopefully, I'll wait to meet them;
God protect my valiant five!

They have gone for England's glory,
Gallant five, across the sea.
And I know they'll carve a story
That will bring no shame to me. /

So, although my eyes are shedding
Teardrops, they are grateful tears;
In my heart there is no dreading,
It is beating hopes, not fears.

TELL THEIR GREAT DEEDS.

STORIES of dauntless heroes
 Dying for liberty,
Winning for truth and honor
 Triumphant victory;
Tell these great stories ever;
We should forget them never.

Heroes of Balaclava,
 Heroes of Waterloo,
Heroes who saved St. Julien,
 Fearless were they, and true,
Tell their great deeds forever;
We should forget them never.

What shall the coming ages
 In story tell of you?
Honor, and faith, and freedom
 Impel you to be true.
You must record your story,
Either of shame or glory.

Never was freedom threatened
As now by despot power,
Never was duty clearer,
Now is your testing hour.
You must record your story,
Shall it be shame or glory?

Duty to home and empire,
Duty to liberty,
Call you to valiant action;
What will your answer be?
You must record your story,
Shall it be shame or glory?

Civilization weeping
For Belgium's heart that bleeds,
Calls in the name of mercy:
“Wake and do noble deeds!”
Wide are the gates of glory,
Enter! Record your story.

LUNDY'S LANE.

HERE lie our heroes; o'er their breasts
 We reverently tread;
'Tis sacred ground where calmly rests
 Our ever-living dead.
Here lie our heroes; side by side
 Upon this green hill's brow
They bravely stood and nobly died,
 And sleep together now.

Here loyal British freemen fought
 For freedom, home and right,
And here invading foes were taught
 How British freemen fight.
A thousand times have Britain's sons
 Made British valor plain;
But ne'er was fiercer battle won,
 Than here at Lundy's Lane.

'Tis brave to scale the bristling height,
 Or cross the fire-swept field,
But braver, foot to foot to fight
 Out-numbered, and not yield.
Here o'er their dead our fathers fought
 Undauntedly that night;
Of duty, home and God they thought,
 But never thought of flight.

For eight long hours they bore the shock
And carnage of the fray,
Till, valiant sons of noble stock,
They won the fateful day.
And, when at midnight sore distressed
Their beaten foemen fled,
The wearied soldiers sank to rest,
And slept among the dead.

These are our heroes sleeping here ;
Their glory, too, is ours ;
And so we come from year to year
To deck their graves with flowers.
And standing by their tombs, we tell
Their story o'er and o'er ;—
How brave they were, how true, how well
They fought in days of yore.

And patriot hearts still swell with pride
To hear these stories told ;
And true Canadians side by side
Still stand like those of old,
United ever, heart and hand
To guard what they revere ;
Their honor, freedom, native land
And all true men hold dear.

CANADA TO THE UNITED STATES.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER LUNDY'S LANE.

BRAVELY they fought that day,
Red coats and blue;
Fiercely they fought that night
Gallant and true.

Under this mound they lie
Side by side still,
Men who died foot to foot
Here on the hill.

Standing beside their graves
Weeping no tears,
Grateful are we for peace
A hundred years.

Furled are our battle flags,
Old issues dead,
Heart-free are we from hate,
Love rules instead.

Here on the battlefield
Hand clasping hand
Pledge we to work for peace
In ev'ry land.

THE TRULY UNSELFISH MOTHER'S ANSWER.*

God gave my son in trust to me.
Christ died for him, and he should be
A man for Christ. He is his own,
And God's and man's; not mine alone.
He was not mine to "give." He gave
Himself that he might help to save
All that a Christian should revere,
All that enlightened men hold dear.

"To feed the guns?" Oh, torpid soul!
Awake and see life as a whole.
When freedom, honor, justice, right,
Were threatened by the despot's might,
With heart aflame and soul alight,
He bravely went for God to fight
Against base savages whose pride
The laws of God and man defied;
Who slew the mother and her child;

* Edwin Markham wrote a poem for a meeting of "The International Conference of Women Workers," in which these lines occur:

"O mothers, will you longer give your sons
To feed the awful hunger of the guns?
What is the worth of all these battle drums
If from the field the loved one never comes?
What all these loud hosannas to the brave
If all *your* share is some forgotten grave?"

Who maidens pure and sweet defiled.
He did not go "to feed the guns,"
He went to save from ruthless Huns
His home and country, and to be
A guardian of democracy.

"What if he does not come?" You say:
Ah, well! My sky would be more gray,
But through the clouds the sun would shine,
And vital memories be mine.
God's test of manhood is, I know,
Not "will he come?" but *did he go?*
My son well knew that he might die,
And yet he went with purpose high
To fight for peace, and overthrow
The plans of Christ's relentless foe.
He dreaded not the battlefield;
He went to make fierce vandals yield.
If he comes not again to me
I shall be sad; but not that he
Went like a man—a hero true—
His part unselfishly to do.
My heart will feel exultant pride
That for humanity he died.

"Forgotten grave!" This selfish plea
Awakes no deep response in me;
For though his grave I may not see,
My boy will ne'er forgotten be.
My real son can never die;

'Tis but his body that may lie
In foreign land, and I shall keep
Remembrance fond forever deep
Within my heart of my true son,
Because of triumphs that he won.
It matters not where anyone
May lie and sleep, when work is done.

It matters not where some men live.
If my dear son his life must give
Hosannas I will sing for him,
E'en though my eyes with tears be dim.
And when the war is over, when
His gallant comrades come again,
I'll cheer them as they're marching by,
Rejoicing that they did not die.
And when his vacant place I see,
My heart will bound with joy that he—
Was mine so long—my fair young son—
And cheer for him whose work is done.

THANKSGIVING MORNING.

ENRAPTURED by the beauty
 Of earth and sky,
We walked along the cliff-crest,
 My friend and I.

We watched the winding river
 Flow slowly past,
While overhead the gray clouds
 Were grandly massed.

The forest on the hillside,
 A mile away,
Rose brilliant in the glory
 Of colors gay.

Over our shady pathway
 The border trees
Waved loving arms to greet us,
 Stirred by the breeze.

The golden-rod and asters
Beside the wood,
Smiled brightly up and whispered,
“The Lord is good.”

Thanksgiving's sacred love song
Came clear and loud,
From hillside, tree and river,
From flower and cloud.

Our hearts responded gladly
To Nature's power,
And life will aye be sweeter
For that rich hour.

CHILDHOOD'S IMAGINATION.

I HAVE gazed in the cliff caves of Cheddar,
Till beauty there
With its magical blending of colors
Beyond compare,
Held my soul in a rapturous vision
Of glory there,
Where God's sculpture and painting of ages
His art declare.

I have seen earth's most wonderful gardens
Beneath the sea,
Where blue fish through the lofty kelp palm trees
Swam swift and free,
And the opal-green shells on the sea floor
Shone up to me,
Till I thought a sea heaven the grandest
I'd ever see.

I have heard the most soul-stirring music
 Of wind in pine,
Of a bird with his heart in the gloaming
 In tune with mine;
Of rich organ tones truly revealing
 God's great design
Of an orchestral harmony bringing
 Near the Divine.

But my dreams in awakening childhood
 Revealed to me
Richer beauty than manhood has power
 To feel or see,
Rarer marvels than Nature's enchantments
 Beneath the sea;
And a music more rhythmic and sacred
 Than man's can be.

“LET NOT BITTERNESS SETTLE DOWN
UPON ME.”

—*Muriel Strode.*

FATHER! whatever may befall,
Keep my hope bright;
Though dark clouds may surround my path,
Let me see light.

Though men may prove unjust or false,
Help me to be
Serene, that no revengeful thought
Enfeeble me.

Wrong cannot rob my life of joy,
Or faith, or power,
Unless by bitterness within
I blight love’s flower.

DEAR MOTHERLAND.

GREAT mistress of the mighty sea!
Dear Motherland so great and free!
Canadian hearts will ever be
United in their love for thee.

Thy power will faith and hope impart,
Thy liberty inspire each heart,
Thy honor be our beacon light,
Thy justice ever guide us right.



